

The Crittenden Press.

VOLUME 23

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, MARCH 13, 1902.

NO 40

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED!

A Car Load of Delker Buggies, Ames Buggies, Corydon Wagons, A Car Load of Vulcan Chilled Plows, Corn Drills, Hay Raks A Car Load of Homestead Fertilizer Lime and Cement Wire and Nails Stock Peas, Field Seeds

We have the most Complete Stock of FIELD SEEDS ever seen in Crittenden County, such as Oats, Clover, Timothy, Red Top, Orchard Grass and Blue Grass. We have the Goods and will make the prices, as we buy in car load lots and save the freight. Don't fail to examine our stock and get prices before buying.

WE HAVE IN STOCK REGULARLY:

Complete Corn Drills,	Homestead Fertilizer	Vulcan Chilled Plows	Jno Deer Disc Harrows	Buggy Harness	Colliers and Gearing
Corydon Wagons	Delker Buggies	Oliver Chilled Plows	Canton " "	Pratt's Stock Powders	Farm Implements of
Mogul Wagons	Ames Buggies	Tiger Disc Harrows	Avery " "	Blue Wing X-Cut Saws	all Kinds.

We want your trade. Come to see us. We have 15 or 20 Breaking Plows left from last year, they must go, will make price to suit you.

HEALEY H. COCHRAN,
LAWRENCE E. CRIDER,
SALESMEN.

COCHRAN & BAKER.

CONFEDERATE HOME

Established by Legislature--Anti-Cigarette Bill Killed.

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great surprise to the advocates of the measure as that body was conceded to be a temperance stronghold.

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The State Fair bill has gone to the governor from the Senate, where it passed almost unanimously. It is now "up to" the agriculturists of Crittenden and Livingston as to whether they will compete for their share of that \$15,000. I have an abiding faith in the pluck of my farming constituency, and believe that as good horses, cattle, etc., can browse among our hills as anywhere; and, by the way, I give warning that Col Tom George, Bob Hill and Oscar Pierce of Salem are now among the hills of the Bluegrass, searching for the best breeders that money can buy.

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in the councils of the state, who rather than face the true condition of affairs, in a business like manner, hide behind the deceitful banner of protection to meet a deficit. The entire section relating to insurance was stricken out, as it should have been. The petitions of thousands of policy holders were too much for the committee.

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Your obedient servant,
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The Spring Millinery.

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The beautiful suit of armor worn by Mr. James Young in the first act of "Quo Vadis" has an interesting history, it being a gift to Mr. Young from a noted tragedian. Mr. Young was juvenile leading man for Thomas Keene, and his histrionic ability and inclination for hard work endeared him to the star.

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LEGITIMACY OF MINING.

An Interesting and Rather Unique Contribution.

EDITOR PRESS: The search for precious metals commenced early in the history of the world, and interest in this occupation has steadily increased with the result that mining is now recognized as one of the most profitable industries of the present day. Until quite recently this pursuit was regarded as a purely speculative one. But the wonderful success achieved during the past few years, all of which is the direct result of the extensive progress that has lately been made in scientific mining and metallurgy, have almost entirely overcome the prejudices which formerly existed against this occupation; and today mining is recognized by those best informed on the subject as being as safe as any industry on earth; with the additional advantage that under careful and honest management there is no limit to the profits that can be made. It is so recognized by the leading bankers and financiers of the entire world, many of whom have enormous fortunes invested in the business and who derive their chief income from the profits of this pursuit. The prejudices against mining, like an hereditary taint, still cling to the ultra conservative, the timid and the less ambitious. Such notions and ideas of mining, though well intentioned, are based upon the theory that some one has lost money, either by mining or mining stock speculations.

Millions are sunk yearly in railroad, industrial, corn, wheat, pork and other speculations, yet no one thinks of condemning those industries, and as to profits in mining there is today as much money invested in mining as in banking; that the former pays much better dividends, is safer and far more profitable than the latter.

That there are risks in mining as well as in other pursuits is well known to all reasonable minds, but that mining produces better and quicker profits than any other industrial pursuit is evidenced by the score of multi-millionaires who have sprung into prominence during the past few years. While in a general sense the mining interest may be termed speculative, it does not stand alone in this cate-

gory, for an element of speculation enters into all branches of commerce and industry.

A retrospect of mining in Crittenden and adjoining counties will show that where skill and capital have been properly applied in mining operations the result has been the creation of riches for individuals and companies. Statistics prove that the losses in legitimate mining enterprises have been less than 50 per cent., while in ordinary mercantile pursuits, usually classed as non-speculative, the percentage of loss is over 95 per cent.

Proportionately to the money invested mining pays larger returns than any other industry, and the history of mining in the said counties during the past year tells the story in very emphatic language. Investments in leases prospected or not prospected can be made, either in large or small amounts, and when judiciously made amply repay the investor. There is always money for mining investments, but many would be investors fancy that nothing but a developed mine should have money put into it. The real miner knows that this is often a mistake. The men who have made the most money out of mines in this country have not done so by buying thoroughly developed mines at full value, loaded with commissions. The best money has been made by developing prospects into mines. That is the way big money is made in mining; that way lies the profit. The greatest course ever known to the mining industry and to the successful development of a mining property is this thing prejudice. It is the offspring of ignorance, the tyrant that enslaves mankind.

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Good timothy hay in the bale at 65 cents per hundred; 2 good milk cows; 2 good young mules, large enough for work; 1 large wagon horse; would exchange horse for young stock. J. M. Phillips, Tolu, Ky.

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On the 15th day of March, 1902, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, at my home near Hurricane Campground a big lot of Hay and Corn, Horses, Cattle, Hogs, Wheat Drill and Binder, Deer ing Mower, Hay-Rake, Plows, Corn Drill, Set of Blacksmith Tools, Wagon, Buggy, 2000 feet Lumber, Household goods, Kitchen Furniture, Davis Sewing Machine, Winchester Gun, 10 stands of Bees and Honey Extractor, etc. All sums under \$5 cash. Balance on 12 months time, with approved security, notes before property is moved. Dr. R. G. CARTY.

R. C. Walker,

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3 cans of Pumpkins 25c.
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Bring us your Eggs, Turkeys, Hens, Geese, and Ducks, we will give you the top prices and good weights.

Get our prices on what you have to sell.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

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LITTLE RED-TOPPED BOOTS.

Oh, I pity the boy of to-day:
He has pictures that you
And I never knew
As ruddy-faced, tousle-haired boys, it is
true.
But there's one joy that's taken away:
Look back o'er the years—let us say—
Well, thirty long winters ago,
When father came home through the
deep-drifted snow
With a wee pair of boots that had red
tops!—Oh
Can a boy ever know
The glee that eclipses all joys here below
If he never, at last and in triumph, has
drawn
His first little pair of red-topped boots on!
Oh gay little lad of to-day,
Your hardships are few,
You have little to do.
We are making life easier daily for you;
The hours grow longer for play—
We are clearing your troubles away:
There are fewer wood-boxes to fill
When the paths are snowed under and
nights become chill,
And we give you sweet doses instead of a
pill.
That is bitter, but still,
Oh poor little man, with a Christian-like
will,
I am sighing for you, since you never have
drawn
Your first little pair of red-topped
boots on.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

JOHN KINNEY, EDITOR

BY JOHN HOWARD TODD.

It was an odd name for a newspaper—the Sangamon Boy—but its career was so full of oddities that nobody minded that. The easy going country folk of the Lower Corners said it was a good paper. Anyhow, like the good boy, it died young. Its editor—there was a man who never was duplicated in or out of the newspaper business.

"That fellow was a queer one," said old Eph Edwards, "but he was smarter'n chain lightning! Did ye ever read about Ichabod Crane? I've forgot who it's by, but this Josh Kinney was a good deal like Ichabod."

"Read! That man had read more books than we had in the school library, and when it come to debating—well, the whole literary society of Lower Corners couldn't down him, and lord knows they tried hard enough. The judges just waited to see which side Josh was on, and then decided that way before the argu' commenced. And then long arms o' his could tote more corn stalks to the shock in a day than any two men in Rochester township."

Josh Kinney was a farm hand by day and an editor by night. Somebody said his nerves were made of iron. He rested his brain by busying his body, and rested his body by busying his brain. The eyes that were set far back under shaggy brows never lost their keenness in the shadows of his protruding brow. They were the unfailing signal lights that flashed the message of a vigilant, alert, observing mind. Kinney was patient, else he never would have learned the printer's art at odd moments. He was plodding and persistent, else he never would have toiled far into the night to bring out the weekly issues of the Sangamon Boy.

His office was even odder than the man. To see it one could almost guess what manner of man was its presiding genius. It is standing to-day—a plain square cabin on the very crown of a desolate hill five miles removed from any town. Behind it and sheltering it from the spite of the winter wind and the afternoon sun is a grove of great towering oak trees, lifting their branches high over the head of a tangled mass of forest shrubbery. Its one door is nailed shut, and strong boards cover the two squares on either side where windows once let in a timid light by day and sent out a ghostly glimmer of oil lamps by night.

For ten years not a foot has been set inside the door. The little old hand press was removed long ago, and the worn type—one might find a rusty stick nestling here and there in the cracks of the board floor, and he might see a bit of yellow paper tacked near the door bearing the words in Josh's own handwriting:

LOAFERS ARE INVITED TO THE
BLACKSMITH SHOP DOWN THE
ROAD. THIS IS A PRINTERY.

Coming from anybody else this hint might have invited trouble, but respect for Josh Kinney's iron muscles and his teeming brain brought it only silent obedience.

Lower Corners, which, by the way, is not a village but a farming community, made sport of Josh when he first came and started his newspaper. That was before they knew anything about the big brain that dominated his angular body. He managed to get something into every issue that set his neighbors thinking and made them respect him for his learning. Sometimes it was an editorial, sometimes a plea for new methods of agriculture, sometimes even a bit of verse. Yes, there was poetry in Josh Kinney, and

it was just like him—homely, sincere, rugged. He could have written a romantic tale, but he didn't. He just bided his time and acted it in real life.

In Lower Corners to-day there are men of families who were boys ten years ago—big, lusty, mischievous boys who loved a fish fry in the summer and a hob-bled ride when the snow was knee-deep on the Rochester road. Of course they remember the night when a dozen of them, playing the gallant to as many country girls with ruddy cheeks, rode past Kinney's little office and bombarded the door with snowballs.

Kinney never forgot it, because the crash of those snowballs sent a shock to his heart that changed the current of his life. All night long he had heard nothing but the monotonous beating of the little press which his foot kept in motion. How prosaic it was against the rollicking jingle of the sleigh bells, how harsh against the musical laughter of the girls in the sled! And what a strange thrill went through him as he heard one of these cry out: "Please don't throw any more, boys, you oughtn't to disturb Mr. Kinney when he's busy. Please don't."

"And is there really somebody who cares enough about me to think of that?" he asked himself. "Am I doing right to shut myself up here when I might be out with those boys and girls? I wonder whose voice that was? It sounded like—but what reason have I think that?"

Maybe he didn't have any reason to think it, but a vague, tender hope rose above reason. "Mary"—what a pretty name it was, he thought. "Mary Manning—Kinney." So timid was this big, strong man that he actually blushed at his own audacity when he coupled her name with his. "Mary Manning—Kinney"—it kept ringing in his spiritual ear like the melody of a favorite song. When the last issue of the Sangamon Boy was run off and Josh Kinney crept into bed a host of sentimental fancies kept him awake until far into the morning, and then wove themselves into the fabric of his dreams.

Mary Manning was the only daughter of the richest farmer in Lower Corners, and the one girl in the community who had tossed aside the blue bonnet of the district school and become a seminary girl abroad. She saw in Kinney something more than a clod, something higher than the creator of a weekly rural paper. She respected him for his wide fund of information, for his rugged sincerity, for his physical and mental power. She—but she herself could not have told by what process she came to hold a tender regard for this modest giant among pygmies. Possibly it was because he was at once so gentle and so strong.

Lower Corners was suspicious enough about most things, but it did not stop to give the subject a second thought when Josh Kinney took Mary Manning home after their practice. He was just the bass singer and she the organist, and of course he would not let her go unprotected. Lower Corners thought he was accommodating, that was all, and so he reckoned with himself as the Friday nights came and went, but the volley of snowballs clung to his memory when the wild flowers bloomed in the wood, and so did Mary Manning's earnest protest.

Would she protest also when he should tell her of his longing, of his love? You, gentle reader, know she would not, and Josh made bold enough one night, when the moonlight was glowing on the hills, to find out for himself. It was not for others to know what he said.

"Not necessarily for publication, but just as an evidence of good faith," said Josh long after, when twitted about it.

There came another night when the moon was not shining. The little office was as dark as the great world outside and as quiet. It was Thursday night, and the hand press was still. That seemed strange to passers-by on the road. They were used to hearing the stray clack of the press on that night long after 12. If they had observed closely they might possibly have seen that the door was standing wide open, and that over it was a square white patch of something.

The next day—ah, what a Friday that was for Lower Corners! It has been written in great big letters into the history of the neighborhood. By some freak of fortune or misfortune John Manning was the first man to ride down the road past Kinney's office. The sun was just lifting its red disk over the cornfields to the east. He was whistling his favorite tune—the one he had learned in the old days when he wooed and won Nancy Corwin. He spied the bit of paper over

Kinney's open doorway. He passed through the latticed gate and up the hill to the cabin. There he adjusted his spectacles and read these words: "To Subscribers: Walk in and get your paper; the editor is busy elsewhere."

Manning, consumed with curiosity and never bashful about getting what was coming to him, went in and picked up a paper from a huge pile stacked on the office table. He glanced over the first page and then turned to Kinney's editorials—he always liked to read them even though he was not always convinced by them. There was something there this time that blanched his face and made him totter to a chair for support.

His first impulse was to tear his paper into fragments and burn the rest, but instead he folded it up, thrust it into his pocket and hurried from the office.

"Drat his hide," he mumbled to himself, "he might at least have asked me. How'd he know what I might have said?"

In two hours every man, woman and child in Lower Corners who could had devoured these double-leaded lines: "With this issue publication of the Sangamon Boy is suspended for lack of an editor. He came to you empty-handed; he has gone with the fairest flower of Lower Corners—with the 'queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls.' He hopes he has gone, too, with the kindly wishes of all this worthy people. He bears with him no enmities, no regrets save those that come from the sense of a work ill done. If he had ideals and failed to reach them it was not because he lacked the inspiration of your generous support."

"Better the Sangamon Boy should die in his youth than be cast a waif upon the world. Of him I shall hold for myself the tenderest remembrance; to you I bequeath whatever of good he may have done. I loved him the more that he was only a boy—just a strip of a lad who longed to be a man and wield a man's power. Pity that one so young should not have had a wiser hand to point his way and guide his wavering feet. When you, my friends, shall read these lines his life will have closed, and mine—will have begun in fuller measure. Do you doubt my prophecy? Read:

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Four of five members of the Earl family, living near Welsh, La., were found butchered and the father is missing. It is supposed his body was taken to the woods by the murderers. Mrs. Earl had the whole front of her face mashed in with some blunt instrument, one of her sons was shot through the head and the throats of two others cut. The deed was committed while the victims were asleep.

In the case of the United States vs. The St. Louis and Mississippi Valley Transportation Company, the United States supreme court has decided that the United States is responsible for damage done in collision with its war vessels, when such collision is due to the negligence of officers of the vessels of the United States. The transportation company asked for damages caused to the towboat Future City by a collision with the Atlanta and the Galena, both United States vessels, in the harbor of New Orleans in 1888.

A severe gale and snow storm struck San Francisco February 25, the wind attaining a velocity of forty-five miles an hour and doing much damage.

A disastrous wreck was prevented on the Toledo and Western road near Marion, Ind., by two small children, who discovered a broken rail at a dangerous point and flagged an approaching passenger train down, the stop being made within a few feet of the broken rail.

Secretary Long has confirmed the report that he will shortly retire from the cabinet.

At last Miss Stone has been released by her captors, the alleged Bulgarian briganda.

Three federal jails will be built at once in the Indian Territory, South McAlester, Ardmore and Muskogee.

On account of the Tillman-McLaurin scrap in the senate, President Roosevelt withdrew an invitation to the former for the white house dinner given in honor of Prince Henry.

The Association of Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers met in annual session at Dennison, Tex., last week. One of the most important matters considered was the adoption of a uniform wage scale for all roads. Business was transacted behind closed doors, and the scale decided upon was not made public.

President Roosevelt will probably soon have an opportunity to name three associate justices of the supreme court. The justices who are expected to retire are John M. Harlan, of Kentucky, appointed in 1877; Horace Gray, of Massachusetts, appointed in 1881, and George Shiras, Jr., of Pennsylvania, appointed in 1892.

The Fort Smith and Western Railroad Company is employing full-blood Cherokee Indians on the construction of the line through that nation to Guthrie. This is the first time in the southwest where full-blood Indians have accepted employment. They have been driven to it by virtual starvation. The road foreman says the Indians are willing and excellent workmen.

Eighteen lives were lost in a fire which destroyed the Park Avenue hotel, Park avenue and Thirty-fourth street, New York City. When it became known that the structure was on fire the frightened occupants appeared at every window and many were rescued. Most of the dead occupied quarters in the higher stories, and were shut off from escape by the fire getting into the elevator shaft.

The appointment of Ben Daniels to be United States marshal for Arizona has been withdrawn and another named in his stead. Daniels was a member of Roosevelt's regiment during the Spanish-American war, and was tendered the appointment by the president on account of bravery shown in battle. After the appointment was announced a charge was made that Daniels had served a term in state prison for grand larceny. He was unable to explain away the charge, and his appointment was withdrawn.

The spectacle of two United States senators engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight in the senate chamber while that body was in session was witnessed February 22. Mr. Tillman, in the course of a speech upon the Philippine tariff bill, made serious reflections upon the honor of his colleague, Mr. McLaurin, who was not in the chamber at the time, being engaged in committee work, but he was sent for and appeared just as Mr. Tillman concluded his speech. Pale as ashes, Mr. McLaurin rose to address the senate, speaking to a question of personal privilege. He reviewed Mr. Tillman's charges briefly and then denounced the statement made by his colleague as a willful, malicious and deliberate lie. Scarcely had the portentous words fallen from his lips, when Mr. Tillman, sitting a few seats from him, with Mr. Teller, of Colorado, between them, sprang at him. Mr. McLaurin, who had half turned toward Mr. Tillman, met him half way and in an instant the two senators, having swept Mr. Teller aside, were engaged in a rough and tumble fight. Mr. McLaurin received a heavy blow on the forehead, while Mr. Tillman got a bad punch on the nose, which brought blood. Both senators were declared to be in contempt of the senate.

Clarence Hodge was shot and killed at Memphis by Will Paxton. It is alleged by Paxton that Hodge insulted his sister.

Valet Jones, in his test against Patrick, on trial in New York for the murder of Rice, himself acknowledged that he killed the millionaire, and that Patrick was not at the Rice home on the day of the tragedy. Jones, however, declares Patrick induced him to commit the crime.

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
MARION, KENTUCKY.

LITTLE RED-TOPPED BOOTS.

Oh, I pity the boy of to-day;
He has pleasures that you
And I never knew
As ruddy-faced, tousle-haired boys, it is
true.
But there's one joy that's taken away:
Look back o'er the years—let us say—
Well, thirty long winters ago,
When father came home through the
deep-drifted snow
With a wee pair of boots that had red
tops!—Oh
Can a boy ever know
The glee that eclipses all joys here below
If he never, at last and in triumph, has
drawn
His first little pair of red-topped boots on!
Oh gay little lad of to-day,
Your hardships are few,
You have little to do.
We are making life easier daily for you;
The hours grow longer for play;
We are clearing your troubles away;
There are fewer wood-boxes to fill
When the paths are stowed under and
nights become chill,
And we give you sweet doses instead of a
pill
That is bitter, but still,
Oh poor little man, with a Christian-like
will,
I am sighing for you, since you never have
drawn
Your first little pair of red-topped
boots on.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

JOHN KINNEY, EDITOR

BY JOHN HOWARD TODD.

It was an odd name for a newspaper—the Sangamon Boy—but its career was so full of oddities that nobody minded that. The easy going country folk of the Lower Corners said it was a good paper. Anyhow, like the good boy, it died young. Its editor—there was a man who never was duplicated in or out of the newspaper business.

"That fellow was a queer one," said old Eph Edwards, "but he was smarter'n chain lightning! Did ye ever read about Ichabod Crane? I've forgot who it's by, but this Josh Kinney was a good deal like Ichabod.

"Read? That man had read more books than we had in the school library, and when it came to debating—well, the whole literary society of Lower Corners couldn't down him, and lord knows they tried hard enough. The judges just waited to see which side Josh was on, and then decided that way before the argu' commenced. And then long arms o' his could tote more corn stalks to the shock in a day than any two men in Rochester township."

Josh Kinney was a farm hand by day and an editor by night. Somebody said his nerves were made of iron. He rested his brain by busying his body, and rested his body by busying his brain. The eyes that were set far back under shaggy brows never lost their keenness in the shadows of his protruding brow. They were the failing signal lights that flashed the message of a vigilant, alert, observing mind. Kinney was patient, else he never would have learned the printer's art at odd moments. He was plodding and persistent, else he never would have toiled far into the night to bring out the weekly issues of the Sangamon Boy.

His office was even odder than the man. To see it one could almost guess what manner of man was its presiding genius. It is standing to-day—a plain square cabin on the very crown of a desolate hill five miles removed from any town. Behind it and sheltering it from the spite of the winter wind and the afternoon sun is a grove of great towering oak trees, lifting their branches high over the head of a tangled mass of forest shrubbery. Its one door is nailed shut, and strong boards cover the two squares on either side where windows once let in a timid light by day and sent out a ghostly glimmer of oil lamps by night.

For ten years not a foot has been set inside the door. The little old hand press was removed long ago, and the worn type—one might find a rusty stick nestling here and there in the cracks of the board floor, and he might see a bit of yellow paper tacked near the door bearing the words in Josh's own handwriting:

LOAFERS ARE INVITED TO THE
BLACKSMITH SHOP DOWN THE
ROAD. THIS IS A PRINTERY.

Coming from anybody else this hint might have invited trouble, but respect for Josh Kinney's iron muscles and his teeming brain brought it only silent obedience.

Lower Corners, which, by the way, is not a village but a farming community, made sport of Josh when he first came and started his newspaper. That was before they knew anything about the big brain that dominated his angular body. He managed to get something into every issue that set his neighbors thinking and made them respect him for his learning. Sometimes it was an editorial, sometimes a plea for new methods of agriculture, sometimes even a bit of verse. Yes, there was poetry in Josh Kinney, and

it was just like him—homely, sincere, rugged. He could have written a romantic tale, but he didn't. He just bided his time and acted it in real life. In Lower Corners to-day there are men of families who were boys ten years ago—big, lusty, mischievous boys who loved a fish fry in the summer and a bob-sled ride when the snow was knee-deep on the Rochester road. Of course they remember the night when a dozen of them, playing the gallant to as many country girls with ruddy cheeks, rode past Kinney's little office and bombarded the door with snowballs.

Kinney never forgot it, because the crash of those snowballs sent a shock to his heart that changed the current of his life. All night long he had heard nothing but the monotonous beating of the little press which his foot kept in motion. How prosaic it was against the rollicking jingle of the sleigh bells, how harsh against the musical laughter of the girls in the sled! And what a strange thrill went through him as he heard one of these cry out: "Please don't throw any more, boys, you oughtn't to disturb Mr. Kinney when he's busy. Please don't."

"And is there really somebody who cares enough about me to think of that?" he asked himself. "Am I doing right to shut myself up here when I might be out with those boys and girls? I wonder whose voice that was? It sounded like—but what reason have I think that?"

Maybe he didn't have any reason to think it, but a vague, tender hope rose above reason. "Mary"—what a pretty name it was, he thought. "Mary Manning—Kinney." So timid was this big, strong man that he actually blushed at his own audacity when he coupled her name with his. "Mary Manning Kinney"—it kept ringing in his spiritual ear like the melody of a favorite song. When the last issue of the Sangamon Boy was run off and Josh Kinney crept into bed a host of sentimental fancies kept him awake until far into the morning, and then wove themselves into the fabric of his dreams.

Mary Manning was the only daughter of the richest farmer in Lower Corners, and the one girl in the community who had tossed aside the blue bonnet of the district school and become a seminary girl abroad. She saw in Kinney something more than a clod, something higher than the creator of a weekly rural paper. She respected him for his wide fund of information, for his rugged sincerity, for his physical and mental power. She—but she herself could not have told by what process she came to hold a tender regard for this modest giant among pygmies. Possibly it was because he was at once so gentle and so strong.

Lower Corners was suspicious enough about most things, but it did not stop to give the subject a second thought when Josh Kinney took Mary Manning home after choir practice. He was just the bass singer and she the organist, and of course he would not let her go unprotected. Lower Corners thought he was accommodating, that was all, and so he reckoned with himself as the Friday nights came and went, but the volley of snowballs clung to his memory when the wild flowers bloomed in the wood, and so did Mary Manning's earnest protest.

Would she protest also when he should tell her of his longing, of his love? You, gentle reader, know she would not, and Josh made hold enough one night, when the moonlight was glowing on the hills, to find out for himself. It was not for others to know what he said.

"Not necessarily for publication, but just as an evidence of good faith," said Josh long after, when twined about it.

There came another night when the moon was not shining. The little office was as dark as the great world outside and as quiet. It was Thursday night, and the hand press was still. That seemed strange to passers-by on the road. They were used to hearing the stray clack of the press on that night long after 12. If they had observed closely they might possibly have seen that the door was standing wide open, and that over it was a square white patch of something.

The next day—ah, what a Friday that was for Lower Corners! It has been written in great big letters into the history of the neighborhood. By some freak of fortune or misfortune John Manning was the first man to ride down the road past Kinney's office. The sun was just lifting its red disk over the cornfields to the east. He was whistling his favorite tune—the one he had learned in the old days when he wooed and won Nancy Corwin. He spied the bit of paper over

Kinney's open doorway. He passed through the latticed gate and up the hill to the cabin. There he adjusted his spectacles and read these words: "To Subscribers: Walk in and get your paper; the editor is busy elsewhere."

Manning, consumed with curiosity and never bashful about getting what was coming to him, went in and picked up a paper from a huge pile stacked on the office table. He glanced over the first page and then turned to Kinney's editorials—he always liked to read them even though he was not always convinced by them. There was something there this time that blanched his face and made him totter to a chair for support.

His first impulse was to tear his paper into fragments and burn the rest, but instead he folded it up, thrust it into his pocket and hurried from the office.

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Deputy Marshals last week succeeded in breaking up a notorious band of outlaws in the Indian Territory by arresting Bert Wilson, Bill Watson and two others named Mot and Williams. With the outlaws were recovered six horses, two mules, six buggies, fifteen saddles, 800 rounds of ammunition, twenty-five Winchester rifles and a stack of smaller guns.

Germany now contends that she placed her claim for indemnity from China on account of the Boxer troubles too low, and demands an increase of 10,000,000 taels. The United States government has proposed to the powers concerned that they consent to a pro rata reduction of claims so as to maintain the total within the sum of 450,000,000 taels, which the powers agreed to accept from China, as full indemnity.

Four of five members of the Earl family, living near Welsh, La., were found butchered and the father is missing. It is supposed his body was taken to the woods by the murderers. Mrs. Earl had the whole front of her face mashed in with some blunt instrument, one of her sons was shot through the head and the throats of two others cut. The deed was committed while the victims were asleep.

In the case of the United States vs. The St. Louis and Mississippi Valley Transportation Company, the United States supreme court has decided that the United States is responsible for damage done in collision with its war vessels, when such collision is due to the negligence of officers of the vessels of the United States. The transportation company asked for damages caused to the towboat Future City by a collision with the Atlanta and the Galena, both United States vessels, in the harbor of New Orleans in 1888.

A severe gale and snow storm struck San Francisco February 25, the wind attaining a velocity of forty-five miles an hour and doing much damage.

A disastrous wreck was prevented on the Toledo and Western road near Marion, Ind., by two small children, who discovered a broken rail at a dangerous point and flagged an approaching passenger train down, the stop being made within a few feet of the broken rail.

Secretary Long has confirmed the report that he will shortly retire from the cabinet.

At last Miss Stone has been released by her captors, the alleged Bulgarian brigands.

Three federal jails will be built at once in the Indian Territory, at South McAlester, Ardmore and Muscogee.

On account of the Tillman-McLaurin scrap in the senate, President Roosevelt withdrew an invitation to the former for the white house dinner given in honor of Prince Henry.

The Association of Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers met in annual session at Dennison, Tex., last week. One of the most important matters considered was the adoption of a uniform wage scale for all roads. Business was transacted behind closed doors, and the scale decided upon was not made public.

President Roosevelt will probably soon have an opportunity to appoint three associate justices of the supreme court. The justices who are expected to retire are John M. Harlan, of Kentucky, appointed in 1877; Horace Gray, of Massachusetts, appointed in 1881, and George Shiras, Jr., of Pennsylvania, appointed in 1892.

The Fort Smith and Western Railroad Company is employing full-blood Cherokee Indians on the construction of the line through that nation to Guthrie. This is the first time in the southwest where full-blood Indians have accepted employment. They have been driven to it by virtual starvation. The road foreman says the Indians are willing and excellent workmen.

Eighteen lives were lost in a fire which destroyed the Park Avenue hotel, Park avenue and Thirty-fourth street, New York City. When it became known that the structure was on fire the frightened occupants appeared at every window and many were rescued. Most of the dead occupied quarters in the higher stories, and were shut off from escape by the fire getting into the elevator shaft.

The appointment of Ben Daniels to be United States marshal for Arizona has been withdrawn and another named in his stead. Daniels was a member of Roosevelt's regiment during the Spanish-American war, and was tendered the appointment by the president on account of bravery shown in battle. After the appointment was announced a charge was made that Daniels had served a term in state prison for grand larceny. He was unable to explain away the charge, and his appointment was withdrawn.

The spectacle of two United States senators engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight in the senate chamber while that body was in session was witnessed February 22. Mr. Tillman, in the course of a speech upon the Philippine tariff bill, made serious reflections upon the honor of his colleague, Mr. McLaurin, who was not in the chamber at the time, being engaged in committee work, but he was sent for and appeared just as Mr. Tillman concluded his speech. Pale as ashes, Mr. McLaurin rose to address the senate, speaking to a question of personal privilege. He reviewed Mr. Tillman's charges briefly and then denounced the statement made by his colleague as a willful, malicious and deliberate lie. Scarcely had the portentous words fallen from his lips, when Mr. Tillman, sitting a few seats from him, with Mr. Teller, of Colorado, between them, sprang at him. Mr. McLaurin, who had half turned toward Mr. Tillman, met him half way and in an instant the two senators, having swept Mr. Teller aside, were engaged in a rough and tumble fight. Mr. McLaurin received a heavy blow on the forehead, while Mr. Tillman got a bad punch on the nose, which brought blood. Both senators were declared to be in contempt of the senate.

Clarence Hodge was shot and killed at Memphis by Will Paxton. It is alleged by Paxton that Hodge insulted his sister.

Valet Jones, in his testimony against Patrick, on trial in New York for the murder of Rice, himself acknowledged that he killed the millionaire, and that Patrick was not at the Rice home on the day of the tragedy. Jones, however, declares Patrick induced him to commit the crime.

SEA LESSONS.

I.
On the surface heave and roll the waves,
Deep, the water lies untroubled still;
How the wild winds here, the tempest
Taxes.

There secure reigns Ocean's mighty will.
Fathers—God, so be it with Thy child—
On the surface play life's forces free;
Come the storms of sorrow, north-blows
Wild.

Doubt and care and grave anxiety.
Yet within be calm, unruffled peace;
Strength—the rule of Thine all-perfect
Will.

Joy, born of Thy love, dull care's release;
Faith that good e'er lurks within the ill.

II.
Hearing on thy bosom broad and kind
Burden of the toiling world's bequest,
Sustained there, O sea, thy master, mind,
Knowing not fatigue nor moment's rest.

Patience to fill thy appointed place,
Welcome to thy bosom human care,
Serve, not be served, self-efface—
May I in thy faithful spirit share.

III.
Yet what time thou raiseth up thy might,
Furthest fury, mounting heaven-high,
Who but fears thee, Ocean infinite?
Who can brook thy wrath, thy will defy?

Symbol thou of thy Creator—Lord,
God of boundless might and majesty,
Terrible the judgments of His sword;
Brooding no resistance His decree.

Yet, like thee, His majesty He bows,
Servant of His servants to become;
Hearts within His heart their sins and woes,
Brings them on life's voyage safely home.
—Luther Davis, in N. Y. Observer.

My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Nikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

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PART I.—CONTINUED.

Hayle accompanied them into the bar, and was a witness of the satisfaction the landlord endeavored, from business motives, to conceal. In due course he followed them to the small, stifling rooms in the yard at the back, and observed that they were placed on either side of himself. He had already taken the precaution of rapping upon the walls in order to discover their thickness, and to find out whether the sound of chinking money was to be heard through them.

"I must remember that thirty-seven and sixpence and two Mexican dollars are all I have in the world," he said to himself. "It would be bad business to allow them to suppose that I had more, until I find out what they want."

"The last time I was here was with Stellman," said the taller of the men, when they met again in the courtyard. "He had got a concession from the Dutch, so he said, to work a portion of the West Coast for shell. He wanted me to go in with him."

"And you couldn't see your way to it?"

"I've seen two Dutch jills," said the other. "And I have no use for them."

"And what happened to Stellman?" asked Hayle, but without any apparent interest. He was thinking of something else at the time.

"They got his money, his boat and his shell, with three pearls that would have made your mouth water," replied the other.

"And Stellman?"

"Oh, they buried him at Sourabaya. He took the cholera, so they said, but I have heard since that he died of starvation. They don't feed you too well in Dutch jails, especially when you've got a concession and a consul."

The speaker looked up at his companion as he said this, and the other, who, as I have already said, was not interested in the unfortunate Stellman, or had probably heard the tale before, nodded his head in the direction of the room where the smaller man was engaged on his toilet, to the accompaniment of splashing water. The movement of the head was as significant as the nod of the famous lord of Burleigh.

"Just the same as ever," the other replied. "Always pushing his nose into old papers and documents, until you'd think he'd make himself ill. Lord, what a man he would have been for the British museum! There's not his equal on ancient Asia in the world."

"And this particular business?"

"Ah, you shall hear all about it in a proper time. That'll be to-morrow morning, I reckon. In the meantime you can go to bed, and content yourself with the knowledge that, all being well, you're going to play a hand in the biggest scoop that ever I or anybody else have tackled!"

Mr. Kitwater, for such was the name of the gentleman, began his preparations for the night, vigorously cursing the mosquitoes as he did so. He was a fine-looking man, with a powerful, though somewhat humorous cast of countenance. His eyes were large and not unkindly. His head was a good one from a phenological point of view, but was marred by the possession of enormous ears which stood out on either side of his head like those of a bat. He wore a close-cropped beard, and he was famous for his strength, which indeed was that of a giant.

"Hayle, if I can amuse you up right, is just the same as ever," he said, as he arranged the mosquito netting of his bed. "He doesn't trust me, and I don't trust him. But he'll be none the less useful for that. Let him try to play me false, and, by the Lord Harry, he'll not live to do it again."

With this amiable sentiment Mr. Kitwater prepared himself for slumber.

Next morning they met at breakfast. All three were somewhat silent. It was as if the weight of the matter which was that day to be discussed pressed upon their spirits. The smallest of the trio, Septimus Codd by name, who was habitually taciturn, spoke scarcely a word. He was a strange little man, a nineteenth century villain in a sense. He was a rogue and a

vagabond, yet his one hobby, apart from his business, was a study of the past, and many an authority on eastern history would have been astonished at the extent of his learning. He was never so happy as when burrowing amongst ancient records, and it was mainly due to his learning in the first place, and to a somewhat singular accident in the second, that the trio were now foregathered in Singapore. His personal appearance was a peculiar one. His height was scarcely more than four feet six inches. His face was round, and at a distance appeared almost boyish. It was only when one came to look into it more closely that it was seen to be scored by numberless small lines. Moreover, it was unadorned by either beard or mustache. His hair was gray, and was worn somewhat longer than is usual. He could speak fluently almost every language of the east, and had been imprisoned by the Russians for sealing in prohibited waters, had been tortured by the Chinese on the Yangtze, and to his own unextinguishable disgrace, flogged by the French in Tonquin. Not the least curious trait in his character was the affection he entertained for Kitwater. The pair had been together for years, had quarreled repeatedly, but had never separated. The record of their doings would form an interesting book, but for want of space cannot be more than referred to here. Hayle had been their partner in not a few of their curious undertakings, for his courage and resource made him a valuable ally, though how far they trusted each other it is impossible to say.

Breakfast over they adjourned to the veranda, where the inevitable cigars made their appearance.

"Now let's hear what you've got to say to me?" Hayle began.

"Not here," Kitwater replied. "There are too many listeners. Come down to the harbor."

So saying he led his companions to the water side, where he chartered a native boat for an hour's sail. Then, when they were out of earshot of the land, he bade Hayle pay attention to what he had to say.

"First and foremost you must understand," he said, "that it's all due to Caddy here. We heard something of it from an old Siamese in Isaai, but he never put much trust in it. Then Caddy began to look around, to hunt up some of the musty records, and after awhile he began to think that there might be something in the story after all. You see it's this way: You know Sengkor-Wat?"

"Sengkor how much?"

"Sengkor-Wat—the old ruler at the back of Burmah, near the Chinese border. Such a place as you never dream of. Tumble-down palaces, temples, and all that sort of thing—lying out there all alone in the jungle."

"I've seen Amber," said Hayle, with the air of a man who makes a remark that cannot be lightly turned aside. "After that I don't want any more ruined cities. I've got no use for them."

"No, but you've got a use for other things, haven't you? You can use rubies as big as pigeon's eggs, I suppose. You've got a use for sapphires, the like of which mortal man never set eyes on before."

"That's certainly so," Hayle replied. "But what has this Sengkor-Wat to do with it?"

"Everything in the world," Kitwater replied. "That's where those rubies are, and, what's more, that's where we are going to find them."

"Are you joking, or is this sober earnest?"

"He looked from Kitwater to Codd. The little man thus appealed to nodded his head. He agreed with all his companion said.

"It's quite true," said he, after a pause. "Rubies, sapphires and gold enough to make us all millionaires times over."

"Bravo for Sengkor-Wat, then!" said Hayle. "But how do you know all this?"

"I've told you already that Caddy found it out," Kitwater replied. "Looking over his old records he discovered something that put him on the track. Then I happened to remember that, years ago, when I was in Hunol, an old man had told me a wonderful story about a treasure chamber in a ruined city in the Burmese jungle. A Frenchman who visited the place, and had written a book about it, mentions the fact that there is a legend amongst the natives that vast treasure is buried in the ruins, but only one man, so far as we can discover, seems to have taken the trouble to have looked for it."

"But how big are the rubies?"

"Bigger than London, so Caddy says!"

Caddy added his head in confirmation of this fact. But still Hayle seemed incredulous.

"And you are going to search all that area? It strikes me that you will be an old man by the time you find the treasure, Kitwater."

"Don't you believe it. We've got something better to go upon than that. There was an old Chinese traveler who visited this place in the year—what was the year, Caddy?"

"Two hundred and fifty-seven," Codd replied, without hesitation.

"Well, he describes the glory of the place, the wealth of the inhabitants, and then goes on to tell how the king took him to the great treasure chamber, where he saw such riches as mortal man had never looked upon before."

"But that doesn't tell you where the treasure chamber is?" argued Hayle.

"Perhaps not, but there are other ways of finding out; that is, if a man has his wits about him. You've got to put two and two together if you want to get on in this world. Caddy has translated it all, and this is what it amounts to: When the king had shown the traveler his treasure, the latter declared that his eyes were so blinded by its magnificence that he could scarcely mount the steps to the spot where his majesty gave audience to his people. In another place it men-

tions that when the king administered justice he was seated on the throne in the courtyard of the Three-headed Elephants. Now what we've got to do is to find that courtyard, and find it we will."

"But how do you know that the treasure hasn't been taken away years ago? Do you think they were such fools as to leave it behind when they went elsewhere? Not they!"

Though they were well out of earshot of the land, and alone upon the boat, Kitwater looked round him suspiciously before he answered. Then a pleasant smile played over his face. It was as if he were recalling some happy memory.

"How do I know it?" he asked, by way of preface. "If you'll listen for a moment, I'll tell you. If you want more proof, when I've done, you must be difficult to please. When I was up at Moumein six months ago, I came across a man I hadn't met for several years. He was a Frenchman, who I knew had spent the most of his life away back in Burmah. He was very frank of money at the time, and kept throwing out hints, when we were alone, of a place he knew of where there was the biggest fortune on earth, to be had for the mere picking up and carrying away. He had brought away as much of it as he could, but he hadn't time to get it all, before he was chased out by the Chinese, who, he said, were strong in the neighborhood."

Kitwater stopped and rubbed his hands with a chuckle. Decidedly the recollection was a pleasant one.

"Well," he continued, "to make a long story short, I took advantage of my opportunity, and got his secret out of him by—well, never mind how I managed it. It is sufficient that I got it. And the consequence is, I know all that is to be known."

"That's all very well, but what became of the Frenchman? How do you know that he isn't back there again filling his pockets?"

"I don't think he is," Kitwater replied, slowly. "It put me to a lot of inconvenience, and came just at the time when I was most anxious to leave. Besides, it might have meant trouble." He paused for a moment. "As a matter of fact, they brought it in 'auclide during temporary insanity, brought on by excessive drinking, and that got me out of the difficulty. It must have been insanity, I think, for he had no reason for doing away with himself. It was proved that he had plenty of money left. What was more, Caddy gave evidence that, only the day before, he had told him he was tired of life."

Hayle looked at both with evident admiration.

"Well, you two, taken together, beat cock-fighting," he said, enthusiastically. Then he added: "But what about the secret? What did you get out of him?"

"Here it is," said Kitwater, taking an old leather case from his pocket, and producing from it a small piece of parchment. "There's no writing upon it, but we have compared it with another plan that we happen to have, and find that it squares exactly."

He leaned over Hayle's shoulder and pointed to a certain portion of the sketch.

"That's the great temple," he said; "and what the red dot means we are going to find out."

"Well, suppose it is, what makes you send for me?" Hayle inquired, suspiciously.

"Because we must have another good man with us," Kitwater replied. "I'm very well, but you're better. Caddy's head piece is all right, but if it comes to fighting, he might just as well be in Kensal Green. Isn't that so, little man?"

Mr. Codd nodded his head.

"I said, send for Hayle," he remarked in his quiet little voice. "Kit sent, and now you're here, and it's all right."

"Caddy speaks the truth," said Kitwater. "Now, what we have to do is to arrange the business part of the matter, and then to get away as quickly as possible."

The business portion of the matter was soon settled, and Hayle was thereupon admitted a member of the syndicate for the exploration of the ancient town of Sengkor-Wat in the hinterland of Burmah.

For the remainder of the day Hayle was somewhat more silent than usual. "If there's anything in their yarn it might be managed," he said to himself that night, when he was alone in his bedroom. "Kitwater is clever, I'll admit that, and Caddy is by no means a fool. He means the fool he pretends to be. But I'm Gideon Hayle, and that counts for something. Yes, I think it might be managed."

What it was he supposed might be effected he did not say, but from the smile upon his face, it was evident that the thought amused him considerably.

Next day they set sail for Rangoon.

PART II.

The shadows of evening were slowly falling on the little party of which Kitwater, Codd and Hayle, with two Burmese servants, were members, obtained their first view of the gigantic ruins of which they had come so far in search. For many days they had been journeying through the jungle, now the prey of hope, now of despair. They had experienced adventures by the score, though none of them were of sufficient importance to be narrated here, and more than once they had come within a hair's breadth of being compelled to retrace their steps. They rode upon the small, wiry ponies of the country, their servants clearing a way before them with their parangs as they advanced. Their route, for the most part, lay through jungle, in places so dense that it was well-nigh impossible for them to force a way through it. It was as if nature were doing her best to save

the ancient city from the hand of the spoiler. At last, and so suddenly that it came upon them like a shock, they found themselves emerging from the jungle. Below them, in the valley, peering up out of the forest, was all that remained of a great city, upon the ruins of which the setting sun shone with weird effect.

"At last," said Hayle, bringing his pony to a standstill and looking down upon the ruins. "Let us hope we shall have penetrated their secret before we are compelled to say good-by to them again."

"Hear, hear to that," said Kitwater; Septimus Codd, however, never said a word; the magic hand of the past was upon his heart, and was holding him spellbound.

They descended the hill, and, when they had selected a suitable spot, decided to camp upon it for the night.

Next morning they were up before time; the excitement of the treasure hunt was upon each man, and would not let him tarry. It would not be long now, they hoped, before they would be able to satisfy themselves as to the truth of the story they had been told, and of the value of the hopes in which they had put their trust. Having eaten their morning meal, they took counsel together, examined the plan for the thousandth time, collected their weapons and tools, bade their servants keep a sharp look-out, and then set off for the city. The morning sun sparkled upon the dew, the birds and monkeys chattered at them from the jungle, while above them towered the myriad domes and sculptured spires of the ancient city. It was a picture that once seen would never be forgotten. So far, however, not a sign of human life had they been able to discover; indeed, for all they knew to the contrary, they might be the only men within 50 miles of the place.

(To Be Continued.)

BALAKIREFF, THE JESTER.

Conquest of Unhappy Finland Foretold in a Joke—How He Saved a Relative's Life.

There is little of jest to-day pertaining to the relations of unhappy Finland with Russia, under whose rule it has so long been. Its ancient liberties are passing away from it, and it is to be compressed into the uniform Russian model. But according to historical tradition, the conquest of Finland was foretold in jest that soon became earnest by its conqueror, Peter the Great, to his jester, Balakireff, says Youth's Companion.

Balakireff had vexed the czar by too impudent a joke, and had been summarily banished with a menacing injunction never to appear on Russian soil again. He disappeared discreetly; but one day not long after Peter, gleaning out of a window, saw his unmistakable figure and quizzical countenance jogging comfortably by, perched in a country cart. Impulsively he ran down to him and demanded to know why he had disobeyed.

"I haven't disobeyed you," was the answer. "I'm not on Russian soil now."

"Not on Russian soil?"

"No; this cart load of earth that I'm sitting on is Swedish soil. I dug it up in Finland only the other day."

Peter laughed; but he said: "If Finland be Swedish soil now, it shall be Russian soil before long!" and he made good his words.

A pleasant anecdote relates how Balakireff once interceded for the life of a reckless relative who had offended the czar, and was under sentence of execution. As soon as the jester showed himself at court Peter, foreseeing a petition for mercy, roared out angrily:

"It's no use your coming here! I swear that I will not grant what you are going to ask!"

Quick as a flash Balakireff dropped to his knees and cried, entreatingly: "Peter Alexievitch, I beseech you, put that scamp of a cousin of mine to death!"

All present broke into laughter, in which the czar, so neatly trapped by his own declaration, presently joined, and the scampish cousin kept his head upon his shoulders.

A Proud Mother.

A clergyman was recently called upon to baptize nine children. From number one to eight nothing went amiss. The ninth, however, proved to be a lusty boy, who soon succeeded in almost wriggling out of his somewhat scanty clothes. The clergyman, grasping the infant by the nape of the neck and by such garments as still remained secure, was proceeding with the service, when the mother, overcome with admiration for her child, and scarcely realizing the solemnity of the occasion, remarked in a loud voice: "He's a nice little lump, sir; isn't he?"—London Post.

A Mutual Friend.

Once upon a time a diplomat was walking with his close friend Deceit, who was dressed in his usual attractive manner, when he met a lady acquaintance.

"Allow me to introduce to you my friend Diplomacy," he said.

"It is not necessary," she answered. "He is a close friend of mine, whom I know by the name of Fact."

Morn.—A settle by any other name would sting the same.—N. Y. Herald.

A Swindle.

Uncle Cyrus—Say, this glass eye hasn't no good. I want my money back.

Optician—No good?

"Hain't with a tinker's dars. Can't see a bit better with the blame thing than I kin without."—Judge.

Worth Going After.

Take things as they come—but remember there are lots of things that it will pay you to go after.—Chicago Daily News.

WHAT THE DOCTORS FIND.

Gleanings from Medical Fields—Items of Information—Some Singular Cases.

By Geo. Thos. Palmer, M. D.

Really pure water does not exist. As near as we can get to it is rain water; but the rain gathered in the air even on the tops of mountains and far from civilization contains some impurities.

A sanatorium for consumptives has been established in which the patients live in tents so constructed that they cannot be entirely closed up.

It has been found that mud in drinking water has its advantages. The mud overcomes foul odors in the water and helps destroy many impurities.

London has been suffering from an epidemic of smallpox almost as severe as that of 1893.

An outbreak of the plague at Naples has brought forth a series of orders from the health authorities. It is interesting to note that there is hardly an order which is not the same as was issued during the plague of 1656, the edicts of Alexander VII.

A number of deaths have recently occurred in Rochester, N. Y., from ptomaine poisoning from canned oysters. "Ptomaines" are the poisons generated by germs of bacteria. It must be borne in mind that disease and death are not caused so much by the bacteria themselves as by the toxins or poisons which they produce.

There are 491 mineral springs in the United States selling water for medicinal purposes. One hundred and seventy-three of these springs reported the sale of 13,344,708 gallons of water, valued at \$2,001,606.

A case is reported by a French surgeon of the complete removal of the larynx for cancer. An artificial larynx was devised, so perfect that the voice was entirely regained.

Ipecac given in fairly large doses will cause nausea and vomiting, while in small doses will stop nausea.

Chickenpox is very frequently mistaken for smallpox. A mild attack of the latter is often very hard to differentiate from a severe attack of the former, even by the most skilled diagnostician.

G. P. Conn reports a severe fracture of the skull followed by practical blindness. On operation some small pieces of bone were removed from the optic nerve. The patient had some difficulty in focusing his eyes for two weeks, but later recovered fully.

Skin grafting has always been regarded as a most interesting part of surgery. There are various methods. The one now most popular is the removal of healthy skin by means of the very sharpest razor, making an effort to get the thinnest layer that can be obtained. It is taken in very small pieces and scattered over the surface

on which the new skin is wanted. The cells begin to proliferate from these little islands of skin and growing in all directions finally come together and form a perfect skin. This process is often used after severe burns in which the skin is destroyed over a large area. The skin is taken from a healthy part of the patient's own body or from the body of some friend or some one hired for the purpose.

It has been found that iodoform is a dangerous drug to use on large open surfaces and wounds. Several cases of amputations were dressed with large amounts of iodoform, and later the patients developed delirium and died. The deaths were attributed to shock, although they did not occur for from five to six days after the operations. It has recently been discovered that the iodoform dressings were the cause of death.

Edebohls has advocated quite a radical change in medical procedure, in advising operation upon the kidney in case of Bright's disease. Bright's disease is an inflammation of the kidney and has been a common cause of death in men over 40.

An attempt has been made to prevent typhoid fever by a typhoid serum similar in principle to the antitoxin of diphtheria. So far the results have not been satisfactory.

The principle on which vaccination acts in the prevention of smallpox does not seem to be fully understood by the public at large. It is known that after an attack of smallpox (as in the case of many other diseases) the patient is not susceptible to a second attack, on account of a certain power or property of immunity which they have attained. Whether the first attack nares up that element within the body which is susceptible to the disease, or whether the first attack leaves within the system something antagonistic to the disease, is not fully understood; but the latter is probably true, for the immunity acquired by the first attack of a given disease, does not protect from other diseases. Vaccina, or cowpox, seems to be a bovine form of smallpox, and when the human is inoculated he actually goes through an attack of smallpox, but one pustule developing, and that at the site of vaccination. The immunity, however, of a regular attack of smallpox is given to him who is vaccinated.

A man in New York was badly injured in a street car accident and shortly afterward died from "quick" consumption. The court declined to hold the railway in any way responsible for the death from consumption, although suit was brought on that ground. As tuberculosis was a germ disease, caused usually by the inhalation of the germs, the evidence was lacking to show how the street car accident could have had anything to do with the death.

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Prejudice Against Insurance.

There is still a prejudice against life assurance among certain classes of religious people, on the ground that such provision betrays a lack of trust in Providence. Such assumption is the basis of a blazing pamphlet which has just reached us, in which the author argues from three texts in the Sermon on the Mount, that the principles of life assurance "come from the father of lies—the arch fiend—who delights to get God's people off the right lines by trying to make out that God is a liar." He says: "Will God look after your family after you are dead?" (We cannot reproduce the pamphlet's variety of

print.) Of course, the same argument would prove the wickedness of all investments—even of the laying in of coal against the winter. And general experience has shown that Providence does not interpose miracles to save the idle and careless from the consequences of their folly, even when those consequences have to be borne by others as well.—London Chronicle.

Practically Superstitious.

He—Are you superstitious about omens?

She—Well, I think it's unlucky to lose a chance of getting one.—Philadelphia Press.

SVENGALI.



UNCLE SAM—"A few years ago you were mine enemies; now you are my friends, you love me; you shall think great thoughts as I think, etc."

POWERS—"Yes, we love you now."

—Indianapolis Journal.

SEA LESSONS.

On the surface heave and roll the waves,
Deep, the waters lie untroubled still;
How the wild winds here, the tempest
raves,
There secure reigns Ocean's mighty will.
Fathoms—God, so be it with Thy child—
On the surface play life's forces free;
Come the storms of sorrow, north-blaze
wild,
Doubt and care and grave anxiety.
Yet within be calm, unruffled peace;
Beneath the rule of Thine all-perfect
will;
Joy, born of Thy love, dull care's release;
Faith that good e'er lurks within the ill.
Hearing on thy bosom broad and kind
Burdens of the tolling world's bequest,
Hervest there, O sea, thy master, mind,
Knowing not fatigue nor moment's rest.
Patiently to fill thy appointed place,
Welcome to thy bosom human care,
Serve, not be served, self-efface—
May I in thy faithful spirit share.
Yet what time thou raisest up thy might,
Plungest fury, mounting heaven-high,
Who but fears thee, Ocean infinite?
Who can brook thy wrath, thy will defy?
Symbol thou of thy Creator—Lord,
God of boundless might and majesty,
Terror the judgments of His word;
Brooking no resistance His decree.
Yet, like thee, His majesty He shows,
Servant of His servants to become;
Hear within His heart their sighs and woes,
Uplifts them on life's voyage safely home.
—Guthrie Davis, in N. Y. Observer.

My Strangest Case

BY OUV BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikals," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

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PART I.—CONTINUED.

Hayle accompanied them into the bar, and was a witness of the satisfaction the landlord endeavored, for business motives, to conceal. In due course he followed them to the small, stifling rooms in the yard at the back, and observed that they were placed on either side of himself. He had already taken the precaution of rapping upon the walls in order to discover their thickness, and to find out whether the sound of clinking money was to be heard through them.

"I must remember that thirty-seven and sixpence and two Mexican dollars are all I have in the world," he said to himself. "It would be bad business to allow them to suppose that I had more, until I find out what they want."

"The last time I was here was with Stellman," said the taller of the men, when they met again in the courtyard. "He had got a concession from the Dutch, so he said, to work a portion of the West Coast for shell. He wanted me to go in with him."

"And you couldn't see your way to it?"

"I've seen two Dutch jills," said the other; "and I have no use for them."

"And what happened to Stellman?" asked Hayle, but without any apparent interest. He was thinking of something else at the time.

"They got his money, his boat and his shell, with three pearls that would have made your mouth water," replied the other.

"And Stellman?"

"Oh, they buried him at Sourabaya. He took the cholera, so they said, but I have heard since that he died of starvation. They don't feed you too well in Dutch jails, especially when you've got a concession and a consul."

The speaker looked up at his companion as he said this, and the other, who, as I have already said, was not interested in the unfortunate Stellman, or had probably heard the tale before, nodded his head in the direction of the room where the smaller man was engaged on his toilet, to the accompaniment of splashing water. The movement of the head was as significant as the nod of the famous Lord of Burleigh.

"Just the same as ever," the other replied. "Always pushing his nose into old papers and documents, until you'd think he'd make himself ill. Lord, what a man he would have been for the British museum! There's not his equal on ancient Asia in the world."

"And this particular business?"

"Ah, you shall hear all about it in the proper time. That'll be to-morrow morning, I reckon. In the meantime you can go to bed, and content yourself with the knowledge that, all being well, you're going to play a hand in the biggest scoop that ever I or anybody else have tackled!"

Mr. Kitwater, for such was the name of the gentleman, began his preparations for the night, vigorously cursing the mosquitoes as he did so. He was a fine-looking man, with a powerful, though somewhat humorous cast of countenance. His eyes were large and not unkindly. His head was a good one from a phenological point of view, but was marred by the possession of enormous ears which stood out on either side of his head like those of a bat. He wore a close-cropped beard, and he was famous for his strength, which indeed was that of a giant.

"Hayle, if I can sum it up aright, is just the same as ever," he said, as he arranged the mosquito netting of his bed. "He doesn't trust me, and I don't trust him. But he'll be none the less useful for that. Let him try to play me false, and, by the Lord Harry, he'll live to do it again."

With this amiable sentiment Mr. Kitwater prepared himself for slumber.

Next morning they met at breakfast. All three were somewhat silent. It was as if the weight of the matter which was that day to be discussed pressed upon their spirits. The smallest of the trio, Septimus Codd by name, who was habitually taciturn, spoke scarcely a word. He was a strange little man, a nineteenth century villain in a sense. He was a rogue and a

vagabond, yet his one hobby, apart from his business, was a study of the past, and many an authority on eastern history would have been astonished at the extent of his learning. He was never so happy as when burrowing amongst ancient records, and it was mainly due to his learning in the first place, and to a somewhat singular accident in the second, that the trio were now foregathered in Singapore. His personal appearance was a peculiar one. His height was scarcely more than four feet six inches. His face was round, and at a distance appeared almost boyish. It was only when one came to look into it more closely that it was seen to be scored by numberless small lines. Moreover, it was unadorned by either beard or mustache. His hair was gray, and was worn somewhat longer than is usual. He could speak fluently almost every language of the east, and had been imprisoned by the Russians for sealing in prohibited waters, had been tortured by the Chinese on the Yangtze, and, to his own unextinguishable disgrace, flogged by the French in Tonquin. Not the least curious trait in his character was the affection he entertained for Kitwater. The pair had been together for years, had quarreled repeatedly, but had never separated. The record of their doings would form an interesting book, but for want of space cannot be more than referred to here. Hayle had been their partner in not a few of their curious undertakings, for his courage and resource made him a valuable ally, though how far they trusted each other it is impossible to say.

Breakfast over they adjourned to the veranda, where the inevitable elgars made their appearance.

"Now let's hear what you've got to say to me?" Hayle began.

"Nonsense," Kitwater replied. "There are too many listeners. Come down to the harbor."

So saying he led his companions to the water side, where he chartered a native boat for an hour's sail. Then, when they were out of earshot of the land, he bade Hayle pay attention to what he had to say.

"First and foremost you must understand," he said, "that it's all due to Caddy here. We heard something of it from an old Siamese in Hanoi, but we never put much trust in it. Then Caddy began to look around, to hunt up some of the musty records, and after awhile he began to think that there might be something in the story after all. You see it's this way: You know Sengkor-Wat?"

"Sengkor how much?"

"Sengkor-Wat—the old ruin at the back of Burmah, near the Chinese border. Such a place as you never dreamt of. Tumble-down palaces, temples, and all that sort of thing—lying out there all alone in the jungle."

"I've seen Amber," said Hayle, with the air of a man who makes a remark that cannot be lightly turned aside. "After that I don't want any more ruined cities. I've got no use for them."

"No, but you've got a use for other things, haven't you? You can use rubies as big as pigeon's eggs, I suppose. You've got a use for sapphires, the like of which mortal man never set eyes on before."

"That's certainly so," Hayle replied. "But what has this Sengkor-Wat to do with it?"

"Everything in the world," Kitwater replied. "That's where those rubies are, and, what's more, that's where we are going to find them."

"Are you joking, or is this sober earnest?"

He looked from Kitwater to Codd. The little man thus appealed to nodded his head. He agreed with all his companion said.

"It's quite true," said he, after a pause. "Rubies, sapphires and gold enough to make us all millionaires times over."

"Bravo for Sengkor-Wat, then!" said Hayle. "But how do you know all this?"

"I've told you already that Caddy found it out," Kitwater replied. "Looking over his old records he discovered something that put him on the track. Then I happened to remember that, years ago, when I was in Hanoi, an old man had told me a wonderful story about a treasure chamber in a ruined city in the Burmese jungle. A Frenchman who visited the place, and had written a book about it, mentions the fact that there is a legend amongst the natives that vast treasure is buried in the ruins, but only one man, so far as we can discover, seems to have taken the trouble to have looked for it."

"But how big are the ruins?"

"Bigger than London, so Caddy says!"

Caddy nodded his head in confirmation of this fact. But still Hayle seemed incredulous.

"And you are going to search all that area? It strikes me that you will be an old man by the time you find the treasure, Kitwater."

"Don't you believe it. We've got something better to go upon than that. There was an old Chinese traveler who visited this place in the year—what was the year, Caddy?"

"Twelve hundred and fifty-seven," Codd replied, without hesitation.

"Well, he describes the glory of the place, the wealth of the inhabitants, and then goes on to tell how the king took him to the great treasure chamber, where he saw such riches as mortal man had never looked upon before."

"But that doesn't tell you where the treasure chamber is?" argued Hayle.

"Perhaps not, but there are other ways of finding out; that is, if a man has his wits about him. You've got to put two and two together if you want to get on in this world. Caddy has translated it all, and this is what it amounts to: When the king had shown the traveler his treasure, the latter declared that his eyes were so blinded by its magnificence that he could scarcely mount the steps to the spot where his majesty gave audience to his people. In another place men

tions that when the king administered justice he was seated on the throne in the courtyard of the Three-headed Elephants. Now what we've got to do is to find that courtyard, and find it we will."

"But how do you know that the treasure hasn't been taken away years ago? Do you think they were such fools as to leave it behind when they went elsewhere? Not they!"

Though they were well out of earshot of the land, and alone upon the boat, Kitwater looked round him suspiciously before he answered. Then a pleasant smile played over his face. It was as if he were recalling some happy memory.

"How do I know it?" he asked, by way of preface. "If you'll listen for a moment, I'll tell you. If you want more proof, when I've done, you must be difficult to please. When I was up at Moumein six months ago, I came across a man I hadn't met for several years. He was a Frenchman, who I knew had spent the most of his life away back in Burmah. He was very flush of money at the time, and kept throwing out hints, when we were alone, of a place he knew of where there was the biggest fortune on earth, to be had for the mere picking up and carrying away. He had brought away as much of it as he could, but he hadn't time to get it all, before he was chased out by the Chinese, who, he said, were strong in the neighborhood."

Kitwater stopped and rubbed his hands with a chuckle. Decidedly the recollection was a pleasant one.

"Well," he continued, "to make a long story short, I took advantage of my opportunity, and got his secret out of him by . . . well, never mind how I managed it. It is sufficient that I got it. And the consequence is, I know all that is to be known."

"That's all very well, but what became of the Frenchman? How do you know that he isn't back there again filling his pockets?"

"I don't think he is," Kitwater replied, slowly. "It put me to a lot of inconvenience, and came just at the time when I was most anxious to leave. Besides, it might have meant trouble." He paused for a moment.

"As a matter of fact, they brought it in 'snide during temporary insanity, brought on by excessive drinking,' and that got me out of the difficulty. It must have been insanity, I think, for he had no reason for doing away with himself. It was proved that he had plenty of money left. What was more, Caddy gave evidence that, only the day before, he had told him he was tired of life."

Hayle looked at both with evident admiration.

"Well, you two, taken together, beat cock-fighting," he said, enthusiastically. Then he added: "But what about the secret? What did you get out of him?"

"Here it is," said Kitwater, taking an old leather case from his pocket, and producing from it a small piece of parchment. "There's no writing upon it, but we have compared it with another plan that we happen to have, and find that it squares exactly."

He leaned over Hayle's shoulder and pointed to a certain portion of the sketched.

"That's the great temple," he said; "and what the red dot means we are going to find out."

"Well, suppose it is, what makes you send for me?" Hayle inquired, suspiciously.

"Because we must have another good man with us," Kitwater replied. "I'm very well, but you're better. Caddy's head piece is all right, but if it comes to fighting, he might just as well be in Kensal Green. Isn't that so, little man?"

Mr. Codd nodded his head.

"I said, send for Hayle," he remarked in his quiet little voice. "Kit sent, and now you're here, and it's all right."

"Caddy speaks the truth," said Kitwater. "Now, what we have to do is to arrange the business part of the matter, and then to get away as quickly as possible."

The business portion of the matter was soon settled, and Hayle was thereupon admitted a member of the syndicate for the exploration of the ancient town of Sengkor-Wat in the hinterland of Burmah.

For the remainder of the day Hayle was somewhat more silent than usual.

"If there's anything in their yarn it might be managed," he said to himself that night, when he was alone in his bedroom. "Kitwater is clever, I'll admit that, and Caddy is by no manner of means the fool he pretends to be. But I'm Gideon Hayle, and that counts for something. Yes, I think it might be managed."

What it was he supposed might be effected he did not say, but from the smile upon his face, it was evident that the thought caused him considerable satisfaction.

Next day they set sail for Rangoon.

PART II.

The shadows of evening were slowly falling as the little party of which Kitwater, Codd and Hayle, with two Burmen servants, were members, obtained their first view of the gigantic ruins of which they had come so far in search. For many days they had been journeying through the jungle, now the prey of hope, now of despair. They had experienced adventures by the score, though none of them were of sufficient importance to be narrated here, and more than once they had come within a hair's breadth of being compelled to retrace their steps. They rode upon the small, wiry ponies of the country, their servants clearing a way before them with their parangs as they advanced. Their route, for the most part, lay through jungle, in places so dense that it was well-nigh impossible for them to force a way through it. It was as if nature were doing her best to save

the ancient city from the hand of the spoiler. At last, and so suddenly that it came upon them like a shock, they found themselves emerging from the jungle. Below them, in the valley, peering up out of the forest, was all that remained of a great city, upon the ruined temples of which the setting sun shone with weird effect.

"At last," said Hayle, bringing his pony to a standstill and looking down upon the ruins. "Let us hope we shall have penetrated their secret before we are compelled to say good-by to them again."

"Hear, hear to that," said Kitwater; Septimus Codd, however, never said a word; the magic hand of the past was upon his heart, and was holding him spellbound.

They descended the hill, and, when they had selected a suitable spot, decided to camp upon it for the night.

Next morning they were up betimes; the excitement of the treasure hunt was upon each man, and would not let him tarry. It would not be long now, they hoped, before they would be able to satisfy themselves as to the truth of the story they had been told, and of the value of the hopes in which they had put their trust. Having eaten their morning meal, they took counsel together, examined the plan for the thousandth time, collected their weapons and tools, bade their servants keep a sharp look-out, and then set off for the city. The morning sun sparkled upon the dew, the birds and monkeya chattered at them from the jungle, while above them towered the myriad domes and sculptured spires of the ancient city. It was a picture that once seen would never be forgotten. So far, however, not a sign of human life had they been able to discover; indeed, for all they knew to the contrary, they might be the only men within 50 miles of the place.

[To Be Continued.]

BALAKIREFF, THE JESTER.

Conquest of Unhappy Finland Foretold in a Jest—How He Saved a Relative's Life.

There is little of jest to-day pertaining to the relations of unhappy Finland with Russia, under whose rule it has so long been. Its ancient liberties are passing away from it, and it is to be compressed into the uniform Russian model. But according to historical tradition, the conquest of Finland was foretold in jest that soon became earnest by its conqueror, Peter the Great, to his jester, Balakireff, says Youth's Companion.

Balakireff had vexed the czar by too impudent a joke, and had been summarily banished with a menacing injunction never to appear on Russian soil again. He disappeared discreetly; but one day not long after Peter, glancing out of a window, saw his unmistakable figure and quizzical countenance joggling comfortably by, perched in a country cart. Impulsively he ran down to him and demanded to know why he had disobeyed.

"I haven't disobeyed you," was the answer. "I'm not on Russian soil now."

"Not on Russian soil?"

"No; this cart load of earth that I'm sitting on is Swedish soil. I dug it up in Finland only the other day."

Peter laughed; but he said: "If Finland be Swedish soil now, it shall be Russian soil before long!" and he made good his words.

A pleasant anecdote relates how Balakireff once interceded for the life of a reckless relative who had offended the czar, and was under sentence of execution. As soon as the jester showed himself at court Peter, foreseeing a petition for mercy, roared out angrily:

"It's no use your coming here! I swear that I will not grant what you are going to ask!"

Quick as a flash Balakireff dropped to his knees and cried, entreatingly: "Peter Alexievitch, I beseech you, put that scamp of a cousin of mine to death!"

All present broke into laughter, in which the czar, so neatly trapped by his own declaration, presently joined, and the scampish cousin kept his head upon his shoulders.

A Proud Mother.

A clergyman was recently called upon to baptize nine children. From number one to eight nothing went amiss. The ninth, however, proved to be a lusty boy, who soon succeeded in almost wriggling out of his somewhat scanty clothes. The clergyman, grasping the infant by the nape of the neck and by such garments as still remained secure, was proceeding with the service, when the mother, overcome with admiration for her child, and scarcely realizing the solemnity of the occasion, remarked in a loud voice: "He's a nice little lump, sir; isn't he?"—London Post.

A Mutual Friend.

Once upon a time a diplomat was walking with his close friend Deceit, who was dressed in his usual attractive manner, when he met a lady acquaintance.

"Allow me to introduce to you my friend Diplomacy," he said.

"It is not necessary," she answered. "He is a close friend of mine, whom I know by the name of Tact."

Moral.—A nettle by any other name would sting the same.—N. Y. Herald.

A Swindle.

Uncle Cyrus—Say, this glass eye hasn't no good. I want my money back.

Optician—No good?

"Hain't with a tinkler's darn. Can't see a bit better with the blame thing than I kin without."—Judge.

Worth Going After.

Take things as they come—but remember there are lots of things that it will pay you to go after.—Chicago Daily News.

WHAT THE DOCTORS FIND.

Gleanings from Medical Fields—Items of Information—Some Singular Cases.

By Geo. Thos. Palmer, M. D.

Really pure water does not exist. As near as we can get to it is rain water; but the rain gathered in the air even on the tops of mountains and far from civilization contains some impurities.

A sanitarium for consumptives has been established in which the patients live in tents so constructed that they cannot be entirely closed up.

It has been found that mud in drinking water has its advantages. The mud overcomes foul odors in the water and helps destroy many impurities.

London has been suffering from an epidemic of smallpox almost as severe as that of 1893.

An outbreak of the plague at Naples has brought forth a series of orders from the health authorities. It is interesting to note that there is hardly an order which is not the same as was issued during the plague of 1656, the edicts of Alexander VII.

A number of deaths have recently occurred in Rochester, N. Y., from ptomaine poisoning from canned oysters. "Ptomaines" are the poisons generated by germs of bacteria. It must be borne in mind that disease and death are not caused so much by the bacteria themselves as by the toxins or poisons which they produce.

There are 491 mineral springs in the United States selling water for medicinal purposes. One hundred and seventy-three of these springs reported the sale of 13,344,708 gallons of water, valued at \$2,001,606.

A case is reported by a French surgeon of the complete removal of the larynx for cancer. An artificial larynx was devised, so perfect that the voice was entirely regained.

Ipecac given in fairly large doses will cause nausea and vomiting, while in small doses will stop nausea.

Chickenpox is very frequently mistaken for smallpox. A mild attack of the latter is often very hard to differentiate from a severe attack of the former, even by the most skilled diagnostician.

G. P. Coan reports a severe fracture of the skull followed by practical blindness. On operation some small pieces of bone were removed from the optic nerve. The patient had some difficulty in focusing his eyes for two weeks, but later recovered fully.

Skin grafting has always been regarded as a most interesting part of surgery. There are various methods. The one now most popular is the removal of healthy skin by means of the very sharpest razor, making an effort to get the thinnest layer that can be obtained. It is taken in very small pieces and scattered over the surface

on which the new skin is wanted. The cells begin to proliferate from these little islands of skin and growing in all directions finally come together and form a perfect skin. This process is often used after severe burns in which the skin is destroyed over a large area. The skin is taken from a healthy part of the patient's own body or from the body of some friend or some one hired for the purpose.

It has been found that iodoform is a dangerous drug to use on large open surfaces and wounds. Several cases of amputations were dressed with large amounts of iodoform, and later the patients developed delirium and died. The deaths were attributed to shock, although they did not occur for from five to six days after the operations. It has recently been discovered that the iodoform dressings were the cause of death.

Edebohls has advocated quite a radical change in medical procedure, in advising operation upon the kidney in case of Bright's disease. Bright's disease is an inflammation of the kidney and has been a common cause of death in men over 40.

An attempt has been made to prevent typhoid fever by a typhoid serum similar in principle to the antitoxine of diphtheria. So far the results have not been satisfactory.

The principle on which vaccination acts in the prevention of smallpox does not seem to be fully understood by the public at large. It is known that after an attack of smallpox (as in the case of many other diseases) the patient is not susceptible to a second attack, on account of a certain power or property of immunity which they have attained. Whether the first attack uses up that element within the body which is susceptible to the disease, or whether the first attack leaves within the system something antagonistic to the disease, is not fully understood; but the latter is probably true, for the immunity acquired by the first attack of a given disease, does not protect from other diseases. Vaccina, or cowpox, seems to be a bovine form of smallpox, and when the human is inoculated he actually goes through an attack of smallpox, but one pustule developing, and that at the site of vaccination. The immunity, however, of a regular attack of smallpox is given to him who is vaccinated.

A man in New York was badly injured in a street car accident and shortly afterward died from "quick" consumption. The court declined to hold the railway in any way responsible for the death from consumption, although suit was brought on that ground. As tuberculosis was a germ disease, caused usually by the inhalation of the germs, the evidence was lacking to show how the street car accident could have had anything to do with the death.

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Prejudice Against Insurance.

There is still a prejudice against life insurance among certain classes of religious people on the ground that such provision betrays a lack of trust in Providence. Such assumption is the basis of a blazing pamphlet which has just reached us, in which the author argues from three texts in the Sermon on the Mount, that the principles of life insurance "comes from the father of lies—the arch fiend—who delights to get God's people off the right lines by trying to make out that God is a liar." He says: "Will God look after your family after you are dead?" (We cannot reproduce the pamphlet's variety of

print.) Of course, the same argument would prove the wickedness of all investments—even of the laying in of coal against the winter. And general experience has shown that Providence does not interpose miracles to save the idle and careless from the consequences of their folly, even when those consequences have to be borne by others as well.—London Chronicle.

Practically Superstitious.

He—Are you superstitious about opals?
She—Well, I think it's unlucky to lose a chance of getting one.—Philadelphia Press.

SVENGALI.



—Indianapolis Journal.

UNCLE SAM—"A few years ago you were mine enemies; now you are my friends, you love me; you shall think great thoughts as I think, etc."

POWERS—"Yes, we love you now."

The Press.

R. C. WALKER, Publisher
WALTER WALKER, Manager.

OBITUARIES:—Not exceeding 10 lines will be published free of charge. All over 10 lines at 5 cents per line.
RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT:—\$1.00

ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOR CONGRESS.
We are authorized to announce
OLLIE M. JAMES
a candidate to represent the First District of Kentucky in Congress, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Collector Franks has been assured of his re-appointment.

The Democrats who held the recent banquet in New York need to be impressed with the fact that while the sun rises in the east it sets in the west. Both points of the compass are necessary for the rounding out of a complete day.

Marriage License.

R. H. Tolly and Miss Effie E. Simpson.
J. M. Montgomery and Miss Alice Malcom.
Monillions Stephens and Miss Maggie May Allen.
Jno. I. Gassway and Miss S. F. Tudor.

Deeds Recorded.

Geo M. Travis to Jno C. James, land on Piney.
J. C. Baird to Horace Williamson, 37 acres on Claylick, \$250.
R. E. Foster to Jas B. Farmer, 93 acres, \$1100.
Jno H. Morse to J. W. Blue, lot in Marion.
H. L. Gass to Champ Crane, 80 acres in Piney, \$275.
A. M. Turley to C. Crane, land on Piney.

Tolly--Simpson.

Mr R. H. Tolly, of Birdsville, Livingston county, and Miss Effie Simpson, of Rodney, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's father, Mr. S. H. Simpson, Thursday evening. Rev. T. V. Joiner, of this city, pronounced the ceremony. The bride is a popular young lady. Mr. Tolly is an industrious young farmer.

County Court.

County court was in session Monday.
Thos N. Wofford was appointed Justice of the Peace in Fords Ferry precinct. It will be remembered that Mr. Heath, who was elected to fill the office failed to qualify, thereby forfeiting his right to the office. He was prevented from qualifying by sickness.
The will of Mrs Sarah E. Waggoner was probated.
The following were appointed road inspectors: G. J. Hamilton, Jesse Clement, W. D. Browning, Taylor Guess.

Hotel Arrivals.

Arrivals at the Franklin House since our last issue:
J. T. Alexander, Madisonville; W. M. Jameson, Louisville; S. F. Sibert, Dayton O.; Ben J. Chapel, Henderson; Max Blum, Louisville; R. A. Rogers, Hopkinsville; R. Jones, Centralia, Ill.; B. F. Slado Evansville; W. F. Flestone, Washington, D. C.; G. F. Hotchkiss, Louisville; Frank Dockers, do; Frank H. Docker, Henderson; Al Anderson, St. Louis; G. W. Carliss, Hopkinsville; K. E. Scherer, Evansville; S. J. Esby, St. Louis; S. R. Cassidy, Paducah; S. H. Horn, Scranton, Pa.; E. Murphy, Louisville; J. S. Givens, Providence; R. A. Rogers, Hopkinsville; G. A. LaRue, St. Louis; R. Jeff Yeager, Indianapolis, Ind.; Thos W. Deason, St. Louis; Neal Gaskin, Evansville; David Clark, Henderson; H. Klemeyer, do; Julius W. Baldorf, do; C. L. Lewis, Albany, Ind.; J. B. Upshaw, Atlanta; H. J. Mason, St. Louis; Frank Hayden, Cincinnati; H. Warren, St. Louis; J. W. Tyler, St. Louis; J. L. Farris, Salem; J. W. Yekey Indianapolis; C. W. Sheets, Dawson Springs; H. R. Dennison, Evansville; H. L. Davidson, Louisville; E. W. Rush, Evansville; Ben J. Chapin, Henderson; R. H. Shook, Evansville; A. P. Patrick, Carmi, Ill.; O. M. Ament, Louisville; Frank N. Harris, Princeton; O. P. Myers, Goshen, Ind.; M. Sparks, Chicago; J. W. Hudson, Salem; R. D. Dorroh, do; J. W. Williamson, St. Louis; Geo Palmer, Louisville; D. Garth Hearne, Wheeling, W. Va.; E. L. Wile, do; H. Barber, Princeton; Roy L. Threlkeld, Salem; J. W. Tyler, Louisville; W. K. Freeberg, Chicago; J. J. Sarbach, Paducah; L. J. Kammerer, Louisville; C. W. Moorman, Litchfield; J. Farmer, Madisonville; J. A. Marshall, Louisville; R. A. Drescher, Louisville; J. W. Cowherd, Evansville; J. W. Nordheim, do; J. W. Tyler, Louisville; C. W. Whit, do.

OLD TIME FIDDLERS

Contest to be Held in this City
March 26th.

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S'ENKIEWICZ GREAT STORY OF CHRISTIANITY.

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URGUS BATTLE WITH THE AUROCHS
An action never to be again duplicated.

James A. Young, as Vinicius. Miss Lillian Lancaster, of Paducah, as Lygia.

The Famous Story of the Dawn of Christianity!

The only dramatic offering of the century having the unqualified endorsement of the Clergy, Press and Public.

The entire Scenery used in this Marvelous Production will positively be seen here. The Peristyle in the House of Petronius, the Statu Scene, the Garden of Aulus, Nero's Palace, Marmitine Prison, the Arena, Roman Amphitheatre, The Sign of the Cross.

THE BURNING AND DESTRUCTION OF ROME.

All carried by this, the Strongest Acting Company Ever Seen in This Production.

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The feature of the last week's market was the very small reserve stock, in fact not more than a week's output has been on hand during the past two years. While there has been a small increase in production during the ten weeks of this year the increase in smelting capacity and the greater demand has caused the smelters to encroach upon their stock reserves and the outlook is more than promising for a still further advance. Zinc sold at \$31.50 per ton, lead at \$43.50 per ton. It should be noted that these prices refer to the ores, not the metals.

The largest producing properties of the Joplin district are under the control of the Continental Lead, Zinc and Smelting Company. They show a production last week of 451,000 pounds. When it is understood that one of our properties with merely surface development is able to ship 500,000 pounds in the same number of days, the great value of the Marion district will be understood. A dozen openings at Joplin may have contributed to the amount credited to the "Continental" company, while but one property is represented here, at the moment of writing.

For Sale.

Four head of good work horses and eight head of Jersey cows and heifers. Stock can be seen on my farm at Hurricane, or address me at Tolu. jylm2

R. G. Carty.

AT DOSS' Liberty to all indispensable. Give me a call. And that is sensible. Water runs as free as day But for other drinks The ready pay.
Try old J. B. T. at Doss'.
The chance of the season to buy Embroideries at less than you ever saw.
Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Embroideries at 4c
Yandell-Gugenheim Co

S. H. Ramage,
Tinner,

Does all Kinds of Roofing, Guttering and Repairing. Root Painting a Specialty. Will be glad to do your work. Call for estimates, prices. op 2nd door East Masonic Building

Still in the Ring!

I am still in the lumber business, with the J. R. Clark Planing Mill Co.

Floring, Ceiling, Siding, Shingles Laths and all Kinds of Building Material, Doors, Windows and Blinds.

Don't buy until you get our prices. Send us your orders and they will be filled promptly. All kinds of shop work on short notice. Door and Window Frames made to order. You can order by phone No. 70 at our mill, or at my farm No. 110, where I will be nt night.

O. H. PARIS,
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THE GRAPHOPHONE

Prices \$5 to \$150



ENTERTAINS EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE

Lates! NEW PROCESS Records

SEND FOR CATALOGUE 35

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY

88 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

The Press.

R. C. WALKER, - Publisher
WALTER WALKER, Manager.

OBITUARIES.—Not exceeding 10 lines will be published free of charge. All over 10 lines at 5 cents per line.
RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.—\$1.00

ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOR CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce
OLLIE M. JAMES

a candidate to represent the First District of Kentucky in Congress, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Collector Franks has been assured of his re-appointment.

The Democrats who held the recent banquet in New York need to be impressed with the fact that while the sun rises in the east it sets in the west. Both points of the compass are necessary for the rounding out of a complete day.

Marriage License.

R. H. Tolly and Miss Effie E. Simpson.

J. M. Montgomery and Miss Alice Malcom.

Monillious Stephens and Miss Maggie May Allen.

Jno. I. Gassway and Miss S. F. Tudor.

Deeds Recorded.

Geo. M. Travis to Jno C. James, land on Piney.

J. C. Baird to Horace Williamson, 37 acres on Claylick, \$250.

R. E. Foster to Jas B. Farmer, 93 acres, \$1100.

Jno H. Morse to J. W. Blue, lot in Marion.

H. L. Gass to Champ Crane, 80 acres on Piney, \$275.

A. M. Turley to C. Crane, land on Piney.

Tolly—Simpson.

Mr R. H. Tolly, of Birdsville, Livingston county, and Miss Effie Simpson, of Rodney, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's father, Mr. S. H. Simpson, Thursday evening, Rev. T. V. Joiner, of this city, pronounced the ceremony. The bride is a popular young lady. Mr Tolly is an industrious young farmer.

County Court.

County court was in session Monday.

Thos N. Wofford was appointed Justice of the Peace in Fords Ferry precinct. It will be remembered that Mr. Heath, who was elected to fill the office failed to qualify, thereby forfeiting his right to the office. He was prevented from qualifying by sickness.

The will of Mrs Sarah E. Waggoner was probated.

The following were appointed road inspectors: G. J. Hamilton, Jesse Clement, W. D. Browning, Taylor Guess.

Hotel Arrivals.

Arrivals at the Franklin House since our last issue:

J T Alexander, Madisonville; W M Jameson, Louisville; S F Sibert, Dayton O.; Ben J Chapel, Henderson; Max Blum, Louisville; R A Rogers, Hopkinsville; R Jones, Centralia, Ill; B F Slade Evansville; W F Flestone, Washington, D C; G F Hotchkiss, Louisville; Frank Deckers, do; Frank H Docker, Henderson; Al Anderson, St Louis; G W Carliss, Hopkinsville; K E Scherer, Evansville; S J Esby, St Louis; S R Cassidy, Paducah; S H Horn, Scranton, Pa; E Murphy, Louisville; J S Givens, Providence; R A Rogers, Hopkinsville; G A LaRue, St Louis; R Jeff Yeager, Indianapolis, Ind; Thos W Deson, St Louis; Neal Gaskin, Evansville; Drvid Clark, Henderson; H Klemeyer, do; Julius W Baldorf, do; C L Lewis, Albany, Ind; J B Upshaw, Atlanta; H J Mason, St Louis; Frank Hayden, Cincinnati; H Warren, St Louis; J W Tyler, St Louis; J L Farris, Salem; J W Yekey Indianapolis; C W Sheets, Dawson Springs; H R Dennison, Evansville; H L Davidson, Louisville; E W Rush, Evansville; Ben J Chapel, Henderson; R H Shook, Evansville; A P Patrick, Carmi, Ill; O M Ament, Louisville; Frank N Harris, Princeton; O P Myers, Goshen, Ind; M Sparks, Chicago; J W Hudson, Salem; R D Dorroh, do; J W Williamson, St. Louis; Geo Palmer, Louisville; D Garth Hearne, Wheeling, W Va; E L Wile, do; H Barber, Princeton; Roy L Threlkeld, Salem; J W Tyler, Louisville; W K Freeberg, Chicago; J J Sarbach, Paducah; L J Kammerer, Louisville; C W Moor-man, Litchfield; J Farmer, Madisonville; J A Marshall, Louisville; K A Drescher, Louisville; J W Cowherd, Evansville; J W Nordheim, do; J W Tyler, Louisville; O W Whit, do.

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R. G. Carly,

AT DOSS'

Liberty to all indispensable. Give me a call. And that is sensible. Water runs as free as day. But for other drinks The ready pay.

Try old J. B. T. at Doss'.

The chance of the season to buy Embroideries at less than you ever saw.

Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Embroideries at 4c
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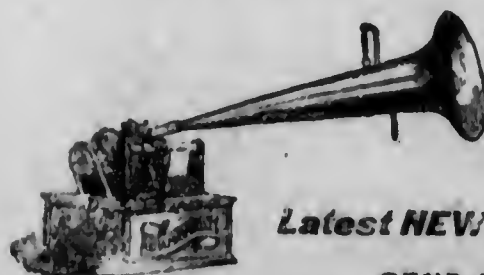
All kinds of shop work on short notice. Door and Window Frames made to order.

You can order by phone No. 70 at our mill, or at my farm No. 110, where I will be at night.

O. H. PARIS,
For J. R. Clark Planing Mill Co.

THE
GRAPHOPHONE

Prices \$5 to \$150



ENTERTAINS
EVERYBODY
EVERYWHERE

Latest NEW PROCESS Records

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88 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

The Press.

R. O. WALKER, Publisher
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ONE YEAR ONE DOLLAR

HOME Insurance Compny

CASH ASSETS OVER \$15,000,000

Writes FIRE and TORNADO Insurance in town or county. Cash or installment payments. Lowest rates guaranteed. Your business promptly and accurately transacted. Your patronage will be appreciated.

J. H. MORSE, Agent, Marion, Ky.

If you want the best shoes on earth, come to see us.
Taylor & Hurley.

Hodge Fritts is quite sick.

A large crowd was in town Monday.

John Nunn, of Madisonville, is in this city.

Mr. Jesse Olive, of Eddyville, was in this week.

Sets for "Quo Vadis" now on sale at PRESS office.

L. H. James attended court at Princeton last week.

Mr. Marshall Jenkins spent Sunday in Henderson.

Mr. Grant Davidson has been quite sick several days.

Percy Cooksey, of Dycusburg, was in town last week.

Mr. Sam Cassidy, of Paducah, was in town Thursday.

Miss Kathie Woods is the guest of relatives in Louisville.

Mr. J. L. Baldauf, of Henderson, was in town last week.

Get your sets for "Quo Vadis". There will be a great demand.

New firm! New goods! Bargains every day. Taylor & Hurley.

If you have real estate to sell it will pay you to see J. H. Morse.

See our 5c Embroideries worth 10c Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Miss Essie Bennett, of Caldwell county, is visiting friends in this city.

Mr. Tom McConnell and family have returned from Tempe, Arizona.

Judge J. A. Moore was in Princeton last week attending circuit court.

Messrs. W. T. Daughtrey and L. A. Early were in Paducah last week.

Saturday way pay day for the employees of the Kentucky Flour Spar Co.

Jim Henry was in Illinois last week looking after his mining interests.

Mr. Gid Dollar, the prominent tobacco man of Princeton, was in town Monday.

Mr. Will Aton, of Corydon, Ky., was greeting his old friends in Marion last week.

Sets for "Quo Vadis" are going fast. Get yours today before the best ones are gone.

Cashier E. J. Hayward, of the Farmers Bank is spending the week at Hot Springs.

Dr. D. T. White, a popular and progressive physician of Blackford, was in town Monday.

Mr. George M. Russell, chief engineer and time-keeper at Hoged mine, was in town Saturday.

New Spring Shirts Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Honest goods, low prices, courteous treatment is our motto; call on us. Taylor & Hurley.

Everybody is going to see "Quo Vadis". Have you secured your seats? They are going fast.

Tom Clifton is in St. Louis selecting a large stock of spring and summer goods for Clifton's.

We have some special bargains in clothing to close out. Come and see. Taylor & Hurley.

Mr. Davidson, assistant State Superintendent of the Aetna Insurance Co., was in town last week.

Your Choice

-OF A-

Delker Buggy Corydon Wagon

Walter A. Wood Mowing Machine and Hay Rake

FREE!

To the person that makes the nearest guess as to the number of shot contained in the bottle on display in our show window. Contest closes July 4th.

A Guess for each One Dollar Purchase.

Cochran & Baker,
MARION, KY.

Redman Hughes, a colored citizen of the Mattoon neighborhood died on the 7th. He had pneumonia.

We carry the old reliable Campbell corn drills in stock.
Bigham & Browning.

Mr. Decker, of the Louisville Commercial, was in town last week looking after the interest of his paper.

Mrs. C. Oppenheimer left this week for Indianapolis and St. Louis to select her new millinery goods.

Mr. A. L. Patrick, the stock buyer, was in town Monday. He bought a number of mules and horses.

We have purchased the Woods & Fowler stock and are prepared to make prices that will sell the stuff.
Taylor & Hurley.

Mr. D. W. Rawlston, one of the progressive farmers of Frances, paid the Press a pleasant call Monday.

We have exclusive sale of the celebrated Vulcan chilled plows. Come and see us.
Bigham & Browning.

Charles Moore, the popular telephone manager, has been ill for several days, and unable to attend to his work.

Satisfactory work guaranteed by Jas Hicklin, agent for the Magnet laundry. Headquarters at McCConnell & Stone's.

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LOOK FOR Yellow Stamp Advertisement NEXT WEEK.

City Ordinance.

The City Council of the city of Marion, Ky., do ordain, as follows: That section eight of Ordinance No. 15, of the ordinances of the City of Marion, Kentucky, entitled "License Tax," be and the same is hereby amended by striking out the word two in line five and inserting in lieu thereof the word one, so that said ordinance when so amended will read as follows:

"To persons who are druggists in good faith, to retail spirituous and vinous liquors at the drug store in quantities not less than a quart, the liquor or not to be drunk on the premises or adjacent thereto, and to sell in quantities less than a quart, for medicinal purposes only on the prescription of a regular practicing physician, one hundred and fifty dollars per year.

Passed and approved this the 11th day of March, 1902.

T. J. YANDELL,
Mayor pro tem.
J. C. BOURLAND, Clerk.

STRAY COW.—A dark brown, dehorned Jersey cow, about 5 years old, strayed from me last Thursday. Will reward for her return. Information as to her whereabouts thankfully received.
G. E. Boston.

Marion, Ky., March 11, 1902.

For Sale.

One dwelling house, business house, and large stock of merchandise in Kelsey, Ky., cheap for cash. Will exchange part or all for a farm. For further particulars address or call on
J. M. McChesney,
Kelsey, Ky.

Good mules and horses wanted by Patrick. He will be at Pierce's livery stable, Marion, Saturday.

STRIKES A RICH FIND.

"I was troubled for several years with chronic indigestion and nervous debility writes N. J. Green, of Lancaster, N. H., 'No remedy helped me until I began using Electric Bitters, which did me more good than any medicine I ever used. They have also kept my wife in excellent health for years. She says Electric Bitters are just splendid for female trouble; that they are a grand tonic and invigorator for weak, run down women. No other medicine can take its place in our family.' Try them, on 50c as 11 K Woods'.

TO THE WEST AND SOUTHWEST.

A new road, reaching with its own rails all principal points in

KANSAS, OKLAHOMA, INDIAN TERRITORY AND ARKANSAS,

Connecting with through trains from St. Louis and Kansas City to NORTH AND SOUTH TEXAS.

Library Observation Sleepers to SAN ANTONIO,

With connections for all points in the REPUBLIC OF MEXICO.

Excellent service via Burrton, Kas., for points in

COLORADO, NEW MEXICO, ARIZONA, CALIFORNIA and the FAR WEST.

Ask for tickets via the



Full information as to route and rates cheerfully furnished upon application to any local representative, or to
ALEX. HILTON, Passenger Agent,
BRYAN SNYDER, Traffic Manager,
SAINT LOUIS.

The prices on yellow pine lumber, doors and windows are all advancing on the market, but ours are still low.

J. R. Clark Planing Mill Co.

Embroideries from the cheapest to the finest at Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Ladies skate free every Monday Wednesday and Friday night. Bring your skates and have a good time.
Tom E. Hearin.

We reach the bottom when you sound for prices on building material.
Clark Planing Mill Co.,
Near Depot.

The Press.

R. C. WALKER, Publisher
WALTER WALKER, Manager.

ONE YEAR ONE DOLLAR

HOME Insurance Compny

CASH ASSETS OVER \$15,000,000

Writes FIRE and TORNADO Insurance in town or county. Cash or installment payments. Lowest rates guaranteed. Your business promptly and accurately transacted. Your patronage will be appreciated.

J. H. MORSE, Agent, Marion, Ky.

If you want the best shoes on earth, come to see us.
Taylor & Hurley.

Hodge Fritts is quite sick.

A large crowd was in town Monday.

John Nunn, of Madisonville, is in this city.

Mr. Jesse Olive, of Eddyville, was in this week.

Seats for "Quo Vadis" now on sale at Press office.

L. H. James attended court at Princeton last week.

Mr. Marshall Jenkins spent Sunday in Henderson.

Mr. Grant Davidson has been quite sick several days.

Percy Cooksey, of Dycusburg, was in town last week.

Mr. Sam Cassidy, of Paducah, was in town Thursday.

Miss Kathie Woods is the guest of relatives in Louisville.

Mr. J. L. Baldan, of Henderson, was in town last week.

Get your seats for "Quo Vadis". There will be a great demand.

New firm! New goods! Bargains every day. Taylor & Hurley.

If you have real estate to sell it will pay you to see J. H. Morse.

See our 5c Embroideries worth 10c
Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Miss Essie Bennett, of Caldwell county, is visiting friends in this city.

Mr. Tom McConnell and family have returned from Tempe, Arizona.

Judge J. A. Moore was in Princeton last week attending circuit court.

Messrs W. T. Daughtrey and L. A. Early were in Paducah last week.

Saturday way pay day for the employees of the Kentucky Fluor Spar Co.

Jim Henry was in Illinois last week looking after his mining interests.

Mr. Gid Dollar, the prominent tobacco man of Princeton, was in town Monday.

Mr. Will Aton, of Corydon, Ky., was greeting his old friends in Marion last week.

Seats for "Quo Vadis" are going fast. Get yours today before the best ones are gone.

Cashier E. J. Hayward, of the Farmers Bank is spending the week at Hot Springs.

Dr. D. T. White, a popular and progressive physician of Blackford, was in town Monday.

Mr. George M. Russell, chief engineer and time-keeper at Hoged mine, was in town Saturday.

New Spring Shirts
Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Honest goods, low prices, courteous treatment is our motto; call on us.
Taylor & Hurley.

Everybody is going to see "Quo Vadis". Have you secured your seats? They are going fast.

Tom Clifton is in St. Louis selecting a large stock of spring and summer goods for Clifton's.

We have some special bargains in clothing to close out. Come and see.
Taylor & Hurley.

Mr. Davidson, assistant State Superintendent of the Aetna Insurance Co., was in town last week.

Your Choice

-OF A-

Delker Buggy Corydon Wagon

Walter A. Wood Mowing Machine and Hay Rake

FREE!

To the person that makes the nearest guess as to the number of shot contained in the bottle on display in our show window. Contest closes July 4th.

A Guess for each One Dollar Purchase.

Cochran & Baker,
MARION, KY.

Redman Hughes, a colored citizen of the Mattoon neighborhood died on the 7th. He had pneumonia.

We carry the old reliable Campbell corn drills in stock.

Bigham & Browning.

Mr. Decker, of the Louisville Commercial, was in town last week looking after the interest of his paper.

Mrs. C. Oppenheimer left this week for Indianapolis and St. Louis to select her new millinery goods.

Mr. A. L. Patrick, the stock buyer, was in town Monday. He bought a number of mules and horses.

We have purchased the Woods & Fowler stock and are prepared to make prices that will sell the stuff.

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Mr. D. W. Rawlston, one of the progressive farmers of Frances, paid the Press a pleasant call Monday.

We have exclusive sale of the celebrated Vulcan chilled plows. Come and see us.

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**LOOK FOR
Yellow Stamp
Advertisement
NEXT WEEK.**

The Agent of the Illinois Central railroad at this station—Mr. L. Johnson—is a clean cut railroad man, prompt in his business methods, courteous and affable to all questioners seeking information, and withal a gentleman in every respect.

There was a man
Who had no eyes,
He went abroad
To view the skies,
He saw a tree
With apples on it
He took no apples off
And left no apples on it.
Can you explain the riddle?

The Rev. Mr. Montgomery's story given the Paducah News-Democrat man of the rabbit discovering carbonate of zinc in Marion has been very extensively circulated. A rabbit's foot from time immemorial has been the good luck talisman, especially throughout the south. We are positive that this especial rabbit was eaten by Messrs Blue & Nunn, they seem to not only have secured the rabbit but the zinc property as well. Some people and some rabbits are lucky.

††

A prominent Morganfield dry goods house is seriously thinking of entering the same field at Marion. A representative of this firm has been in this city for several days and has sized up the situation about as follows: "Marion will be in the near future the best business town in Western Kentucky; everybody in trade there is making money. The great development of the mineral resources will advance all classes of business strongly. We believe there is room for more good business interests."

The "Farewell" reception extended to Miss Elizabeth Cecil, of Cecilia, Ky., by the Marion social club on Wednesday evening of last week was by far the most enjoyable of the entire series of this season's events. The brilliantly lighted opera house, the stage set in a banquet scene, on which were placed small tables for the delicious supper served by Copher, the decorations of the hall as well as the tables, were most appropriate, and indeed all was in exceeding good form. Twelve numbers were danced and one more for good luck, after the supper was served. The music, under the direction of Mrs. Glasscock, was rendered as usual in a very charming manner.

E. J. Carpenter's production of "Quo Vadis" will be a revelation to all who attend. The scenery is by Thomas Neville, and every set is a gem of the painter's art. The costumes are designed by Descalschi, the famous London costumer and are rich and elegant. The furniture and draperies are perfect copies of those preserved in the British Museum. Mr. Carpenter's company is a large and expensive one, and gives a fine representation of Sienkiewicz' masterpiece. At opera house Thursday evening, March 20th.

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ALEX. HILTON, BRYAN SNYDER,
Gen'l Passenger Agent, Passenger Traffic Manager,
SAINT LOUIS.

FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT.



—N. Y. Herald.

QUEENSLAND CUISINE

Aboriginal Methods of Procuring and Eating Their Food.

A bulletin, prepared by Dr. Roth, dealing with the search, capture and preparation of food by the aborigines of Queensland, affords some interesting reading, says the London News. In cookery and the care of the table—if one may be permitted to use the expression—the aboriginal displays a width of choice which, if not attractive to civilized palates, has at least the merit of variety. For meats they employ roasting, baking and boiling, and Dr. Roth has seen grilling practiced at Atherton and Cooktown. Roasting is, perhaps, the simplest and easiest method, the meat being just thrown upon the ashes, while in baking the use of hot stones is commonly resorted to. Boiling is done in a bark trough, or more usually in a large shell, and for grilling a grid of crossed sticks is formed.

Clay from the ant hills is used to "fill up" when no other edible substance is available, and apparently a

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LOGICAL AND UNANSWERABLE

Little Folk Reason Well But from False Premises.

Little folks often show that their apparently foolish sayings are the result of deep and logical thought, and instructors are beginning to see that instead of dismissing these childish statements as unworthy of attention it is wise to encourage them and look carefully into the causes of the apparently illogical reasonings, says the Milwaukee Sentinel. In nine cases out of ten it will be found that the conclusion arrived at by the child is the result of careful thought correctly reasoned out and that the error is due to a false premise due to inexperience rather than lack of careful thought. It is now believed that the child is naturally an accurate reasoner although the oft times funny results arrived at would hardly seem to justify such a conclusion.

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Many Shakespeares Even Before the Birth of the Poet.

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Scientific investigation has proven that petroleum is far superior to coal for fuel, so that we need not worry should the coal supply give out. In nearly all of Nature's products we find that as soon as one material becomes scarce another is discovered to take its place. There is one exception, however, and that is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is Nature's own remedy for dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation and malaria, fever and ague. Don't fail to try it.

You may follow luck to ruin, but not to success.—Garfield.



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"Doctors have a perfect craze for operations. The minute there is any trouble, nothing but an operation will do them; one hundred dollars and costs, and included in the costs are pain, and agony, and often death."

"I suffered for eight years with ovarian troubles; spent hundreds of dollars for relief, until two doctors agreed that an operation was my only chance of life. My sister had been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for her troubles, and been cured, and she strongly urged me to let the doctors go and try the Compound. I did so as a last resort; used it faithfully with the Sanative Wash for five months, and was rejoiced to find that my troubles were over and my health restored. If women would only try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound first, fewer surgical operations would occur."—Mrs. L. A. HARRIS, 278 East 31st St., Chicago, Ill.

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At this the father immediately wrote a check for the full term's tuition.—Baltimore American.

Maternal Love.

Mrs. Mulligan—And so you have no mother now?

Motherless Boy—No, mum.

"Well, my boy, whenever you feel the want for a good thrashing come to me and I'll be a mother to you."—Tit Bits.

Not What He Required.

"You ought to try this," said the druggist, as he held up a bottle. "It's the best thing out for dyspepsia."

"If that's the case I'll keep it out," replied the victim. "I've got all the dyspepsia I want right now."—Chicago Daily News.

Earliest Russian Millet.

Will you be short of hay? If so plant plenty of this prodigiously prolific millet 5 to 8 rows of rich mat pen acre.

Price 10 lbs. \$1.25; 100 lbs. \$10.00, low freight. John A. Balzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis.

Supper.

Bramble—I used to be troubled with insomnia, but I cured myself.

Thurston—How?

"I joined a chess club."—Judge.

No Alternative.

"You admit that you are a tramp, do you?" said the eminent counsel to the witness.

"Yes, sir."

"Tell this jury, sir, why you lead such a worse than useless life."

"The explanation is simple. I am too proud to work and too honest to become a lawyer."—Detroit Free Press.

Like Oil Upon Troubled Waters is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar upon a cold. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

No Immediate Cause.

He—Do you believe in love in a cottage? She—No, indeed, I don't.

"How about love in a palace?"

"Oh, George, this is so sudden!"

"Well, it won't be if we've got to wait till I can earn the palace."—Smart Set.

Stops the Cough and Works on the Lungs. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

It is mighty seldom that a man gets so busy that he can't listen to a funny story.—Indianapolis News.

Pink's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

A Poor Dealer.—"There doesn't seem to be much warmth to her voice." "No, they said it had such a good range, too."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

PURITAN FADELESS DYES are as easy to use as soap. No muss or fussure.

If a man is old, don't call him "old man."—Atchison Globe.

WOMAN'S GENTLE NATURE

CALLS FOR GENTLE TREATMENT

Delicately formed and gently reared, women will find, in all the seasons of their lives, as maids or wives or mothers, that the one simple, wholesome remedy which acts gently and pleasantly and naturally, and which may be used with truly beneficial effects, under any conditions, when the system needs a laxative—is—**Syrup of Figs**. It is well known to be a simple combination of the laxative and carminative principles of plants with pleasant, aromatic liquids, which are agreeable and refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system when its gentle cleansing is desired.

Many of the ills from which women suffer are of a transient nature and do not come from any organic trouble and it is pleasant to know that they yield so promptly to the beneficial effects of Syrup of Figs, but when anything more than a laxative is needed it is best to consult the family physician and to avoid the old-time cathartics and loudly advertised nostrums of the present day. When one needs only to remove the strain, the torpor, the congestion, or similar ills, which attend upon a constipated condition of the system, use the true and gentle remedy—**Syrup of Figs**—and enjoy freedom from the depression, the aches and pains, colds and headaches, which are due to inactivity of the bowels.

Only those who buy the genuine Syrup of Figs can hope to get its beneficial effects and as a guarantee of the excellence of the remedy the full name of the company—**California Fig Syrup Co.**—is printed on the front of every package and without it any preparation offered as Syrup of Figs is fraudulent and should be declined. To those who know the quality of this excellent laxative, the offer of any substitute, when Syrup of Figs is called for, is always resented by a transfer of patronage to some first-class drug establishment, where they do not recommend, nor sell false brands, nor imitation remedies. The genuine article may be bought of all reliable druggists everywhere at 50 cents per bottle.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

The Value of Small Savings

By B. W. CHATTELL,
Of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago.

IT'S A HABIT!

That is the most encouraging thing about saving in a small way. Once get a good start in this practice and it will become chronic. This is the history of the great majority of savings accounts in the institution where my personal observations have been made.

Put it in other words: ONCE A SAVER, ALWAYS A SAVER.

In this case, then, the main thing is to GET STARTED.

A penny or a nickel will do for a start—provided you do not rob the little home bank before you get a dollar in small coins together and get these out of your own hands and into the hands of the savings bank.

The best savers are often those who have the smallest resources from which to practice their art. And they score ahead of the others because they are quick to learn two things: First—not to wait for too big a sum before depositing; second, not to "fall back" on the bank and use its accumulation under any kind of compulsion short of starvation.

It takes nerve for the very poor to get a snug savings account under way. BUT THEY ARE THE ONES WHO SAVE TILL IT HURTS—who cut into self-indulgence right down to the bone. There is many a story of heroic fortitude and unflinching determination written between the entries in the pass books of savings banks—and many a line of romance, too!

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This tremendous volume of money was saved by 63,070,000 depositors, making an average of \$141.24 for each savings depositor the world over.

Of course the United States led the list in the amount of deposits. Our savers put away \$2,597,000,000 against a rainy day.

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FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT.



—N. Y. Herald.

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Aboriginal Methods of Procuring and Eating Their Food

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"No," said the father, to the principal of the cooking school. "I don't believe I'll send my daughter to your institution. I expect to be able to provide for her so that she shall not have to work in the kitchen after she is married."

"That's all very nice," said the principal, "but the most important part of our curriculum is that which instructs young ladies how to boss the cook, and to discharge her, if necessary."

At this the father immediately wrote a check for the full term's tuition.—Baltimore American.

Maternal Love.

Mrs. Mulligan—And so you have no mother now?

Motherless Boy—No, mum.

"Well, my boy, whenever you feel the want for a good thrashing come to me and I'll be a mother to you."—Tit-Bits.

Not What He Required.

"You ought to try this," said the druggist, as he held up a bottle. "It's the best thing out for dyspepsia."

"If that's the case I'll keep it out," replied the victim. "I've got all the dyspepsia I want right now."—Chicago Daily News.

Earliest Russian Millet.

Will you be short of hay? If so plant a plenty of this prodigiously prolific millet. It grows 8 rows of hay per acre. Price 50 lbs. \$1.00; 100 lbs. \$1.80, low freight. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis.

Soporific.

Humble—I used to be troubled with insomnia, but I cured myself.

Thorne—How?

"I joined a chess club."—Judge.

No Alternative.

"You admit that you are a tramp, do you?" said the eminent counsel to the witness.

"Yes, sir."

"Tell this jury, sir, why you lead such a worse than useless life."

"The explanation is simple. I am too proud to work and too honest to become a lawyer."—Detroit Free Press.

Like Oil Upon Troubled Waters is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar upon a cold. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

No Immediate Results.

He—Do you believe in love in a cottage? She—No, indeed, I don't.

"How about love in a palace?"

"Oh, George, this is so sudden!"

"Well, it won't be—if we've got to wait till I can earn the palace."—Smart Set.

Stops the Cough and Works on the Laxative Brome Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

It is mighty seldom that a man gets so busy that he can't listen to a funny story.—Indianapolis News.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

A Poor Heater.—"There doesn't seem to be much warmth to her voice." "No. They said it had such a good range, too."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are as easy to use as soap. No mudd or failures.

If a man is old, don't call him "old man."—Athens Globe.

WOMAN'S GENTLE NATURE

CALLS FOR GENTLE TREATMENT

Delicately formed and gently reared, women will find, in all the seasons of their lives, as maids or wives or mothers, that the one simple, wholesome remedy which acts gently and pleasantly and naturally, and which may be used with truly beneficial effects, under any conditions, when the system needs a laxative—is—**Syrup of Figs.** It is well known to be a simple combination of the laxative and carminative principles of plants with pleasant, aromatic liquids, which are agreeable and refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system when its gentle cleansing is desired.

Many of the ills from which women suffer are of a transient nature and do not come from any organic trouble and it is pleasant to know that they yield so promptly to the beneficial effects of Syrup of Figs, but when anything more than a laxative is needed it is best to consult the family physician and to avoid the old-time cathartics and loudly advertised nostrums of the present day. When one needs only to remove the strain, the torpor, the congestion, or similar ills, which attend upon a constipated condition of the system, use the true and gentle remedy—**Syrup of Figs**—and enjoy freedom from the depression, the aches and pains, colds and headaches, which are due to inactivity of the bowels.

Only those who buy the genuine Syrup of Figs can hope to get its beneficial effects and as a guarantee of the excellence of the remedy the full name of the company—**California Fig Syrup Co.**—is printed on the front of every package and without it any preparation offered as Syrup of Figs is fraudulent and should be declined. To those who know the quality of this excellent laxative, the offer of any substitute, when Syrup of Figs is called for, is always resented by a transfer of patronage to some first-class drug establishment, where they do not recommend, nor sell false brands, nor imitation remedies. The genuine article may be bought of all reliable druggists everywhere at 50 cents per bottle.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

St. Jacobs Oil

FOR
RHEUMATISM

The Christian Globe says:—"A man employed at Central Fish Market was for three years helpless with Rheumatism, and after having been sent to three different hospitals, was declared incurable. After four days' use of ST. JACOBS OIL he could use his arm without pain. Continuing the use of it, all pain, swelling, and stiffness disappeared. He is now cured and at work."

Price, 25c and 50c.

St. Jacobs Oil

Acts like magic. Its curative powers are simply marvelous. It conquers pain quickly and surely. It goes right to the spot. It cures when everything else has failed. A single trial will convince the most incredulous. It has cured thousands of cases of rheumatism and neuritis, which have resisted treatment for the greater part of a lifetime.

Conquers Pain

SALZER'S SEEDS

Seedless Marley
Is produced by the Salzer Seed Co., New York, 100 bushels per acre. Does not require any special treatment. That pays.

20th Century Oats
The oat market, produced from 100 to 150 bushels per acre. Salzer's Oats are the best in the world. That pays.

Three Eared Corn
Is produced by the Salzer Seed Co., New York, 100 bushels per acre. Does not require any special treatment. That pays.

Marvel Wheat
Is produced by the Salzer Seed Co., New York, 100 bushels per acre. Does not require any special treatment. That pays.

Speltz
Is produced by the Salzer Seed Co., New York, 100 bushels per acre. Does not require any special treatment. That pays.

Victoria Rape
Is produced by the Salzer Seed Co., New York, 100 bushels per acre. Does not require any special treatment. That pays.

Bromus Inermis
Is produced by the Salzer Seed Co., New York, 100 bushels per acre. Does not require any special treatment. That pays.

Salzer's Magic Crushed Shells
Is produced by the Salzer Seed Co., New York, 100 bushels per acre. Does not require any special treatment. That pays.

John A. Salzer Seed Co.

HAZARD

Among some recent records made with Hazard Bombing Machine, Mr. J. B. Hazard, of St. Louis, Mo., has won the Canadian Grand Prize, \$10,000, for shooting down a field of balloons.

GUN POWDER

Choctaw Flyer!

FOUR HOURS between Memphis and Little Rock, with Three Fast Trains Daily!

SIX HOURS between Memphis and Hot Springs, with Three Fast Trains Daily!

Double Daily Service to Arkansas, Oklahoma & Indian Territory.

FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS THROUGH TO ALL IMPORTANT TEXAS POINTS!

No Transfer at Memphis!

Putman Buffet Sleeping Cars and Free Reclining Chair Cars on all trains. Equipment unsurpassed. Superb Service.

Memphis Ticket Office, 347 Main St.

FRANK M. GRIFITH, T. P. A., Memphis, Tenn.

J. D. BLACKMAN, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.

R. L. PARSONS, T. P. A., Atlanta, Ga.

W. H. LEE, T. P. A., Little Rock, Ark.

SALZER'S LIGHTNING CABBAGE.

This is the earliest cabbage in the world and a regular gold mine to the market gardener and farmer.

If the way, there is lots of money to be made on early cabbages, heads, peas, radishes, cucumbers and the like.

For 10c, and this Notice the John A. Salzer Seed Co., LaCrosse, Wis., will send you their mammoth catalog of flower and vegetable seeds, market gardeners' catalog, 50 postage, 5c.

When writing to advertisers please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

OTTON BELT ROUTE

Your best route to Dallas will be via Memphis. The Cotton Belt operates its own trains (two each day) from Memphis to Dallas and other Texas cities without change. These trains leave Memphis morning and evening, after the arrival of trains via all lines, thus offering you close connections and excellent service.

W. C. PETER, D. P. A., Memphis, Tenn.

W. G. ADAMS, T. P. A., Nashville, Tenn.

E. W. LA BEAUME, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

NOTES FROM ENGLAND.

The metropolitan police of London look after 8,200 miles of roads and streets.

Of the 6,700 Britons killed at their work during the year 1900, no less than 3,899 were seamen.

There are in the United Kingdom for each 100 people five horses, 28 cattle, 70 sheep and ten pigs.

Switzerland had the coldest day of any British station during last year. On January 9 the thermometer marked two degrees below zero.

The average age of the British millionaires who died last year was 72; of those who died in 1900, 74½ years. Baron Armstrong, aged 90, was the oldest.

The corporation of Dover recently discussed the circumstances of the arbitration proceedings between the municipality and the Kent county council. The sum in dispute between the town and the county authorities is only about £30, while the law costs amount to nearly £2,500. Sir Wallaston Knocker, the town clerk, reported the cost of the arbitration worked out at over one pound per minute.

HEALTH AND COMFORT.

The secret of a perfect figure is a general muscular development.

Onions are a tonic for the nerves but people will be forever prejudiced because of their odor.

Cramp in the leg may be quickly relieved by stretching the heel as far out as possible and drawing up the toes.

Sprains and bruises should be rubbed with liniment. The following is an excellent recipe: Take two parts each of camphorated oil and alcohol and one part of chloroform. Shake well before using and apply with the palm of the hand.

Stye in the Eye.—Make a little poultice of the soft part of a baked apple tied up in muslin and apply it to the eyelid; keep it in its place by a bandage round the head. If this be done at night the stye will be much better, if not cured, by the morning.

For burns and scalds nothing is better than a mixture of equal parts of linseed oil and lime water. Apply on lint or soft linen and bind up the wounded part to exclude the air. This mixture, which is known as carroll oil, should be kept in readiness in every household, for one can never tell when an accident will happen, and when it has happened the remedy cannot be applied too soon.

MEN WHO WIELD THE PEN.

Francis Jeffrey commonly spent two or three weeks on each of his articles in the Edinburgh Review.

Archduke Rainer of Austria has been made a doctor of philosophy honoris causa by the University of Vienna for his services to science in collecting and publishing Egyptian papyri.

Catulle Mendes has written a play on the Spanish mystic, Saint Theresa. It was accepted by the Comedie Francaise, but as there was no chance of its production before two years, it has been turned over to Sarah Bernhardt, who will bring it out at her theater.

A wealthy man once wrote to Mark Twain, who failed to answer his letter. The writer, who waited a considerable time for a reply, at length became so exasperated that he sent a sheet of paper and a stamp to the author as a reminder. Mark Twain instantly replied on a post-card: "Paper and stamp received. Please forward envelope."

Fruit.

Its quality in fruites the selling price. Profitable fruit growing insured only when enough actual

Potash

is in the fertilizer. Neither quantity nor good quality possible without Potash.

Write for our free books giving details.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 23 Nassau St., New York City.

THIS AND THAT.

The world's golf clubs now number over 2,700—more than ten times as many as existed 15 years ago.

Bankruptcies in Germany during the first half of last year were 753, against 554 in the first six months of 1900.

The picking of the raisin and strawberry crops in California is almost entirely in the hands of the Chinese.

The Yoho region, in British Columbia, is, according to Mr. Whymper, of a more majestic beauty even than California's Yosemite.

London took practically one-half of the ice imported by England during 1901, the total for 51 ports of the United Kingdom being 460,946 tons, valued at £269,897.

A Philadelphia prize of \$1,000 for original work in surgery has been awarded to a New York physician, who treats cancer of the throat by reducing the supply of blood, a method that involves the tying up of the external carotid arteries.

"His Majesty Nicholas II., Emperor of All the Russias, to the Emperor Menelik," is the inscription in French on the blades of several swords of elaborate workmanship which the czar is sending with other presents by special envoy to Emperor Menelik.

In order that a patent may be obtained in France, the three following conditions are necessary: That the invention be absolutely new; that it possess an industrial character; that it be not contrary to public order or security, good morals, or the laws of the country. An invention is not considered new when, previous to the date of filing of the application, it has received sufficient publicity in France or abroad to render it easy of imitation.

TIED EYES.

Family Doctor Tells of the Causes and the Cure.

People speak about their eyes being tired, meaning that the retina, or seeing portion of the eye, is fatigued, but such is not the case, as the retina hardly ever gets tired. The fatigue is in the inner and outer muscles attached to the eyeball and the muscles of accommodation which surround the lens of the eye. When a near object is to be looked at this muscle relaxes and allows the lens to thicken, increasing its refractive power. The inner and outer muscles are used in covering the eye on the object to be looked at. It is in the three muscles mentioned that the fatigue is felt, and relief is secured temporarily by closing the eyes or gazing at far-distant objects. The usual indication of strain is a redness of the rim of the eyelid, betokening a congested state of the inner surface, accompanied by some pain. Sometimes this weariness indicates the need of glasses rightly adapted to the person, and in other cases the true remedy is to massage the eye and its surroundings, so far as may be, with the hand in cold water.—Family Doctor.

HIS HELP TO MEMORY.

As Knew It Was Some Kind of a Nut.

A stranger dropped into a green-grocer's the other day and inquired of the shopkeeper if he had any nuts.

"What kind do you want?" asked the man.

"I don't know. Just name them over to me, will you?"

"Well, we have Brazil nuts, walnuts, almonds, coconuts," and he rattled off a number of other varieties, but the stranger shook his head.

"Filberts?" suggested the man.

"No, not filberts."

"Chestnuts?"

The stranger smiled. "That's it, thank you."

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY

RELY ON PE-RU-NA TO FIGHT CATARRH WHEREVER LOCATED IN THE SYSTEM.

Four Interesting Letters From Catholic Institutions.

In every country of the civilized world the Sisters of Charity are known. Not only do they minister to the spiritual and intellectual needs of the charges committed to their care, but they also minister to their bodily needs.

With so many children to take care of and to protect from climate and disease, these wise and prudent sisters have found Peruna a never-failing safeguard.

A letter recently received by Dr. Hartman from the Ursuline Sisters of Cleveland, Ohio, reads as follows:

"We have lately given Peruna a trial, for though the medicine was not new to us, we had not tried it sufficiently to testify to its worth as we are now ready to do."

"We find Peruna an excellent tonic and a valuable remedy for catarrhal affections of the throat. We have recommended it to our friends and have good reports from them as to its merits." Yours respectfully,

URSULINE SISTERS.

THE SISTERS GOOD WORK.

URSULINE ACADEMY, CLEVELAND, O.

Dr. Hartman receives many letters from Catholic Sisters all over the United States. A recommend recently received from a Catholic institution in the Southwest reads as follows:

A Prominent Mother Superior Says:

"I can testify from experience to the efficiency of Peruna as one of the very best medicines, and it gives me pleasure to add my praise to that of thousands who have used it. For years I suffered with catarrh of the stomach, all remedies proving valueless for relief. Last spring I went to Colorado, hoping to be benefited by a change of climate and while there a friend advised me to try Peruna. After using two bottles I found myself very much improved. The remains of my old disease being now so slight, I consider myself cured, yet for a while I intend to continue the use of Peruna. I am now treating another patient with your medicine. She has been sick with malaria and troubled with leucorrhea. I have not a doubt that a cure will be speedily effected."

SISTERS OF CHARITY

All Over United States Use Pe-ru-na for Catarrh.

From a Catholic Institution in Central Ohio comes the following recommendation from the Sister Superior:

"Some years ago a friend of our institution recommended to us Dr. Hartman's Peruna as an excellent remedy for the influenza of which we then had several cases which threatened to be a serious character."

"We began to use it and experienced such wonderful results that since then Peruna has become our favorite medicine for influenza, catarrh, cold cough and bronchitis."

Another recommend from a Catholic Institution of one of the Central States written by the Sister Superior reads as follows:

"A number of years ago our attention was called to Dr. Hartman's Peruna, and since then we have used it with wonderful results for grip, coughs, colds and catarrhal diseases of the head and stomach."

These are samples of letters received by Dr. Hartman from the various orders of Catholic Sisters throughout the United States.

The names and addresses to these letters have been withheld from respect to the Sisters but will be furnished upon request.

One-half of the diseases which afflict mankind are due to some catarrhal derangement of the mucous membrane lining some organ or passage of the body. A remedy that would act immediately upon the congested mu-

cous membrane, restoring it to its normal state, would consequently cure all these diseases. Catarrh is a catarrh wherever located, whether it be in the head, throat, lungs, stomach, kidneys, or pelvic organs. A remedy that will cure it in one location will cure it in all locations.

Peruna is such a remedy. The Sisters of Charity know this. When catarrhal diseases make their appearance they are not disconcerted, but know exactly what remedy to use. These wise and prudent Sisters have found Peruna a never-failing safeguard. They realize that when a disease is of catarrhal nature, Peruna is the remedy. Dyspepsia and female weakness are considered by many to be entirely different diseases—that dyspepsia is catarrh of the stomach and female weakness is due to catarrh of the pelvic organs the Sisters are fully aware, consequently Peruna is their remedy in both these very common and annoying diseases.

If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

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THE NEED OF A STIMULANT.

The digestive organs, the liver, the kidneys and bowels lose their effectiveness at times and need help. At such a time a stimulating, cleansing and regulating medicine is of priceless value because serious diseases spring from neglected disorders in these organs. For this purpose there is no better medicine on earth than Prickly Ash Bitters, the great regulating system tonic, bowel and blood purifier.

The uniform success of this remedy in correcting disturbance in the system is due to its four-fold cleansing and strengthening effect. It is a kidney remedy of superior merit. It is a successful liver medicine. It tones up the digestive process in the stomach. It purifies and regulates the bowels. By removing obstructions and impurities in the blood, liver and bowels and strengthening the digestion, the whole internal organism is improved, and the weak, despondent victim feels at once a brightening up in body and brain, renewed energy, snap, vim and activity.

As a household remedy to relieve indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn, bad breath, belching, flatulence, constipation and for keeping the system in order it is invaluable.

SOLD AT DRUG STORES. PRICE \$1.00.

Insist on having the genuine. No "just as good" article can point to as many years of successful battling with disease. When you buy Prickly Ash Bitters you get a remedy that does the work. Try it.

Memphis Morning News

MEMPHIS' NEW PAPER. DAILY—SUNDAY—WEEKLY

WANTED—Agents and correspondents. Women and men, young and old, at every postoffice in the Memphis territory, can make money soliciting subscriptions for this paper. Write for terms and instructions. Act promptly. Address MEMPHIS MORNING NEWS, Memphis, Tenn.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives quick relief and cures worst cases. BOTTLE OF 50 CENTS AND 100 CENTS. DR. H. M. QUINN'S BOTTLE, BOX 10, ATLANTA, GA.

PILES ANAKESIS gives instant relief and cures worst cases. BOTTLE OF 50 CENTS AND 100 CENTS. DR. H. M. QUINN'S BOTTLE, BOX 10, ATLANTA, GA.

READY ROOFING Anybody with a hammer, CAN nail and PUT UP ROOFING. Two-ply complete, 100 square feet, \$1.75. Three-ply, 100 square feet, \$2.50. BARTHOLOMEW ROOFING COMPANY, 409 Second Street, - MEMPHIS, TENN.

Wire Fence! Write for prices and Catalogue on Formers' Tool Chests, etc. 234 Main Street, MEMPHIS, TENN.

THAT GONE FEELING TIRED, DULL AND "BLUE" BACKACHE AND LASSITUDE. We can cure it all and make life bright and happy. Write at once for samples. You will never regret it. DR. BENZINGER, Baltimore, Md.

A. N. K.-F 1907

OTTON BELT ROUTE

Any veteran, who contemplates attending the Reunion at Dallas, April 22nd to 25th, will receive a handsome picture of General Robert E. Lee, and a copy of his farewell address (suitable for framing), if he will send us his name and address, and the name and address of the Camp to which he belongs.

Your best route to Dallas will be via Memphis. The Cotton Belt operates its own trains (two each day) from Memphis to Dallas and other Texas cities without change. These trains leave Memphis morning and evening, after the arrival of trains via all lines, thus offering you close connections and excellent service.

Tobacco Talk,

ED PRESS: I see it asked in the Shady Grove items why is it that Webster county merchants can pay us more for our tobacco than Crittenden county merchants can or will pay; this is a problem that we can not solve. I will say one reason is the Crittenden county tobacco raiser gets in too big a hurry to sell, and the first one that comes around and makes an offer they will turn loose, and every one will think it is all they can get and so here it goes.

I believe if they would band together and set a price they would get as much as Webster county people. Crittenden county tobacco is as good as Webster county, and why not get the same price. Men come from Webster and Caldwell counties to buy our tobacco, and pay more for our tobacco than our buyers do and ship it home and pay the freight on it. Now why can't the local dealer pay the farmers that per cent. here at home? Why, because our people get in too big a hurry to sell, and the first one to sell is the elected man, it matters not how much or how little he gets. That makes the price on all good tobacco.

Mr. Grant, a tobacco man from Hopkinsville, came in here a few years ago and paid one man eight dollars and a half around and shipped it to Hopkinsville, and made money on it, so it was told. It was said that Mr. Grant was the best judge of tobacco that was ever through this country. Now there was plenty of as good tobacco in this county as Mr. Grant got, and several said there was better. Now the question comes up why can't we get as much as Webster county. Because they get in too big a hurry for their money and turn loose too soon, and the tobacco men have learned that trick and that is the reason they have a race to see who gets into Crittenden to buy the tobacco first, and as a rule the Caldwell, Webster and Hopkinsville buyers get in first and get the cream and our buyers come around and buy the rest at low figures, and some as good as Caldwell and Webster gets, but don't pay as much by two or three dollars as the others do.

Now the question comes again, why don't we get more for our tobacco in Crittenden county. I have heard, me say that came from Webster that Crittenden county tobacco was as good as Webster county tobacco.

A few years ago a Mr. Gill, of Sullivan was in here and bought some crops at good figures and shipped it home and paid the freight on it, and then made good money on it and gave more money than our merchants did.

Now, Mr. Shady Grove, you see that some will take advantage of our merchants and sell to Webster county men because they see where the money is, and that is why there is so much tobacco hauled to Webster county. They don't get in a hurry and sell at first offer; our tobacco is as good as the Webster county article, but the trouble is we can not get what our tobacco is worth.

A Farmer.

See our 12 1-2 cent Embroideries for 7c.
Yandell-Gugenheim Co

LITTLE DEEDS.

BY T. A. CONWAY.

Little deeds earth's blooming roses,
Distills a fragrance rich and sweet,
Like the spikenard poured by Mary
On the Saviour's tired feet.

Little deeds, earth's sweetest music,
Floats abroad in mellow strains,
Like the angel's song when Jesus
In His swaddling bands was laid.

Little deeds, earth's treasured jewels,
Come from hidden caverns deep,
Like the scars that He bears for us,
In His sacred hands and feet.

Little deeds, earth's smiling faces
Drives away the gloom of care,
Like the gentle face of Jesus
Looking down on Mary there.

Little deeds, earth's purest brooklets,
Gladden all they sparkle by,
Like the wondrous gift of Jesus
Flowing out from God on high.

Asthma

"One of my daughters had a terrible case of asthma. We tried almost everything, but without relief. We then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and three and one-half bottles cured her."—Emma Jane Entsminger, Langsville, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral certainly cures many cases of asthma.

And it cures bronchitis, hoarseness, weak lungs, whooping-cough, croup, winter coughs, night coughs, and hard colds.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Continued Story of Current Events.

Shady Grove.

Rev. J. Vaughn, of Webster county, filled his appointment at this place Sunday.

G. D. Spence, of Bellville Bend, was in town Sunday.

Henry Todd is attending school at Providence.

R. T. Reynolds was the guest of R. M. Riley Sunday.

Geo. A. Todd, of Ark., who has been visiting friends and relatives here, returned home last week.

James Asher, who has been confined to his bed and room for several weeks, we are glad to be able to note is out once more.

Miss Myrtle Asher is sick.

It's another girl at Al Travis'.

Several new residences are being erected in town; surely Shady Grove is on a boom.

It is said by some who love to talk that Shady Grove has two 'blind tigers' and a walking saloon; in justice to the good people of this place we wish to state that no such animals linger in or around our town.

Misses Susie and Joy McDowell were the guests of Mrs. S. A. Riley Sunday.

Notice the beautiful sign on Carlwells feed stable.

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—OF—
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Getting Thin

is all right, if you are too fat; and all wrong, if too thin already.

Fat, enough for your habit, is healthy; a little more, or less, is no great harm. Too fat, consult a doctor; too thin, persistently thin, no matter what cause, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.

There are many causes of getting too thin; they all come under these two heads: over-work and under-digestion.

Stop over-work, if you can; but, whether you can or not, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, to balance yourself with your work. You can't live on it—true—but, by it, you can. There's a limit, however; you'll pay for it

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the readiest cure for "can't eat," unless it comes of your doing no work—you can't long be well and strong, without some sort of activity.

The genuine has this picture on it, take no other.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you.

SCOTT & BOWNE Chemists, 409 Pearl Street, New York.

50c. and \$1.00 all druggists.

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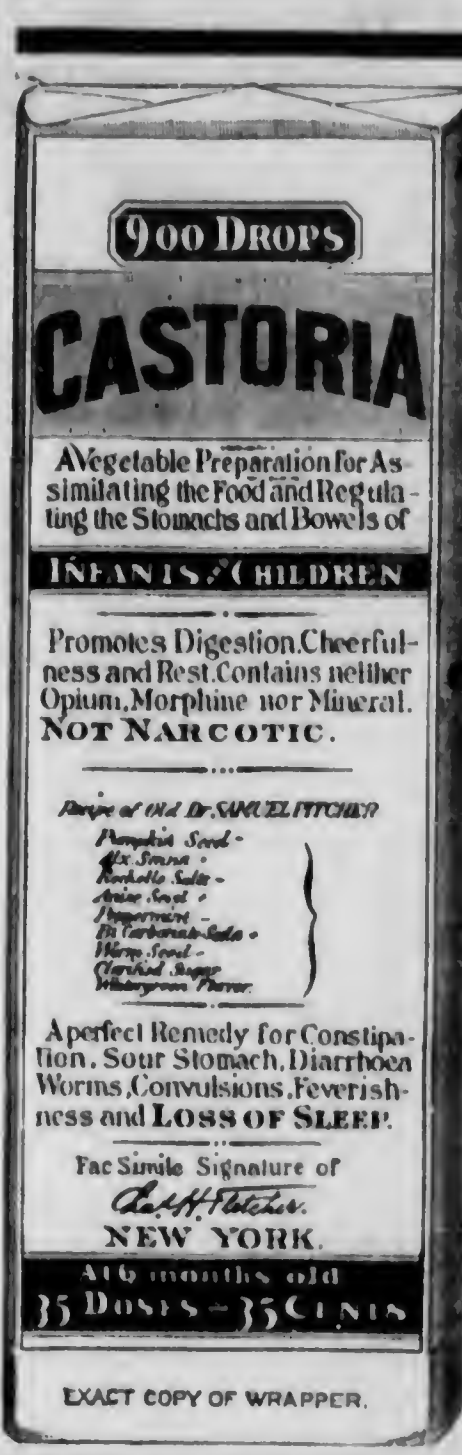
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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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In Use For Over Thirty Years
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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

R. J. MORRIS

Dentist,

Office over Marion Bank. MARION, KY

A. C. MOORE,

Marion Bank,

..LAWYER..

All Business Promptly Attended to.
Rooms 4 and 5 over Marion Bank. MARION, KY

Wm Harrigan

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...DEALER IN...

Fine Wines Whiskies

Sole Agent for the Celebrated J. W. Harper and Old Hickory Whiskies

Special Attention to Mail Orders.

MARION. KENTUCKY.

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Miss Nell Walker

Typewriter and Stenographer

Blue & Nunn's Office, MARION, KY.

Typewritten copies of manuscript made at a reasonable price.

James & James

LAWYERS

MARION. - - KY.

Magazines. Novels. Newspapers.

Creed Taylor,

News Agent.

R. F. Haynes' Drug Store.

Louisville's Three Big Dailies—Courier Journal, Times and Post always on sale.

HARPER WHISKY

A Delightful Beverage, A Safe Stimulant, A Good Medicine.

FOR SALE BY

WM. HARRIGAN.

I have a cottage house with four rooms and hall, in desirable section of the town for sale. Large lot and good improvements.
J. W. Blue, Jr.

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Tobacco Talk.

Ed Press: I see it asked in the Shady Grove items why is it that Webster county merchants can pay us more for our tobacco than Crittenden county merchants can or will pay; this is a problem that we can not solve. I will say one reason is the Crittenden county tobacco raiser gets in too big a hurry to sell, and the first one that comes around and makes an offer they will turn loose, and every one will think it is all they can get and so here it goes.

I believe if they would band together and set a price they would get as much as Webster county people. Crittenden county tobacco is as good as Webster county, and why not get the same price. Men come from Webster and Caldwell counties to buy our tobacco, and pay more for our tobacco than our buyers do and ship it home and pay the freight on it. Now why can't the local dealer pay the farmers that per cent. here at homes. Why, because our people get in too big a hurry to sell, and the first one to sell is the elected man, it matters not how much or how little he gets. That makes the price on all good tobacco.

Mr. Grant, a tobacco man from Hopkinsville, came in here a few years ago and paid one man eight dollars and a half around and shipped it to Hopkinsville, and made money on it, so it was told. It was said that Mr. Grant was the best judge of tobacco that was over through this country. Now there was plenty of as good tobacco in this county as Mr. Grant got, and several said there was better. Now the question comes up why can't we get as much as Webster county. Because they get in too big a hurry for their money and turn loose too soon, and the tobacco men have learned that trick and that is the reason they have a race to see who gets into Crittenden to buy the tobacco first, and as a rule the Caldwell, Webster and Hopkinsville buyers get in first and get the cream and our buyers come around and buy the rest at low figures, and some as good as Caldwell and Webster gets, but don't pay as much by two or three dollars as the others do.

Now the question comes again, why don't we get more for our tobacco in Crittenden county. I have heard me say that came from Webster that Crittenden county tobacco was as good as Webster county tobacco.

A few years ago a Mr. Gill, of Sullivan was in here and bought some crops at good figures and shipped it home and paid the freight on it, and then made good money on it and gave more money than our merchants did.

Now, Mr. Shady Grove, you see that some will take advantage of our merchants and sell to Webster county men because they see where the money is, and that is why there is so much tobacco hauled to Webster county. They don't get in a hurry and sell at first offer; our tobacco is as good as the Webster county article, but the trouble is we can not get what our tobacco is worth.

A Farmer.

See our 12-2 cent Embroideries for 7c.
Yandell-Gugenheim Co

LITTLE DEEDS.

BY T. A. CONWAY.

Little deeds earth's blooming roses,
Distills a fragrance rich and sweet,
Like the spikenard poured by Mary
On the Saviour's tired feet.

Little deeds, earth's sweetest music,
Floats abroad in mellow strains,
Like the angel's song when Jesus
In His swaddling bands was laid.

Little deeds, earth's treasured jewels,
Comes from hidden caverns deep,
Like the scars that He bears for us,
In His sacred hands and feet.

Little deeds, earth's smiling faces
Drives away the gloom of care,
Like the gentle face of Jesus
Looking down on Mary there.

Little deeds, earth's purest brooklets,
Gladden all they sparkle by,
Like the wonderful gift of Jesus
Flowing out from God on high.

Asthma

"One of my daughters had a terrible case of asthma. We tried almost everything, but without relief. We then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and three and one-half bottles cured her."—Emma Jane Entsminger, Langsville, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral certainly cures many cases of asthma. And it cures bronchitis, hoarseness, weak lungs, whooping-cough, croup, winter coughs, night coughs, and hard colds.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then take it. If he says not to take it, then don't take it. If he says leave it with him, then leave it with him. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Continued Story of Current Events.

Shady Grove.

Rev. J. Vaughn, of Webster county, filled his appointment at this place Sunday.

G. D. Spence, of Bellville Bend, was in town Sunday.

Henry Todd is attending school at Providence.

R. T. Reynolds was the guest of R. M. Riley Sunday.

Geo A. Todd, of Ark., who has been visiting friends and relatives here, returned home last week.

James Asher, who has been confined to his bed and room for several weeks, we are glad to be able to note is out once more.

Miss Myrtle Asher is sick.

It's another girl at Al Travis'.

Several new residences are being erected in town; surely Shady Grove is on a boom.

It is said by some who love to talk that Shady Grove has two "blind tigers" and a walking saloon; in justice to the good people of this place we wish to state that no such animals linger in or around our town.

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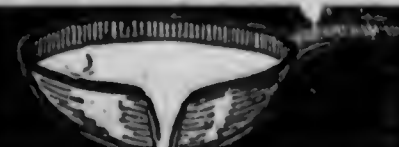
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On Jellies
preserves and pickles, spread a thin coating of
PURE REFINED PARAFFINE

Will keep them absolutely moisture and acid proof. Pure Refined Paraffine is also useful in a dozen other ways about the house. Full directions in each package. Sold everywhere.
STANDARD OIL CO.

Cheap Rate

—OF—
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900 DROPS
CASTORIA
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**
Recipe of DR. J. C. FLETCHER
Painful Stool -
Mild Stool -
Bilious Stool -
Colic -
Flatulence -
Indigestion -
Diarrhoea -
Worms -
Convulsions -
Feverishness -
Loss of Sleep -
A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.
For Similar Signature of
Wm. H. H. H.
NEW YORK
At 6 months old
15 DROPS - 35 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Wm. H. H. H.
Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK OFF.

R. J. MORRIS

Dentist,

Office over Marion Bank.

MARION, KY

A. C. MOORE, .LAWYER.,

All Business Promptly Attended to.
Rooms 4 and 5 over Marion Bank MARION, KY

Marion Bank,

Established 1887.

Capital paid up.....\$20,000
Surplus.....7,500

We offer to depositors and patrons every facility which their balances, business and responsibility warrant.
J. W. BLUE, Pres.
T. J. YANDELL, Cashier.

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Lumber For Sale.

I keep constantly on hand rough lumber of all dimensions, and am prepared to fill bills on short notice
W. A. DAVIDSON,
LEVIAS, KY

HARPER WHISKY
A Delightful Beverage,
A Safe Stimulant,
A Good Medicine.
FOR SALE BY
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New Richmond House

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